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Big Wars and Little Wars

WHY did the Government leave it to Mr. Lester Pearson and Lord Hore-Belisha to protest against the new American strategy? What that strategy is, had been made clear enough by Mr. Dulles and Vice-President Nixon. On January 17 Mr. Dulles announced "the basic decision is to depend primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate instantly." "Whose basic decision?" Lord Hore-Belisha inquired last Tuesday; and the silence of the Government spokesmen indicated that it was an American decision taken without any consultation with London. Last week Mr. Nixon went even further. "We have adopted a new principle," he said. "Rather than let the Communists nibble us to death all over the world in little wars, we will rely in future on our massive mobile retaliatory powers." Here again it is clear that the "we" who have adopted the new principle and who will rely on "massive, mobile, retaliatory power" are not the members of Nato but the Administration in Washington. Despite all the talk of loyal teamwork, the United States has acted unilaterally in a matter of life and death interest to every one of us, and the British Government has fallen into line.

This would not matter so much if the new instructions were clear-cut and sensible. In fact, they are ambiguous and ignore every lesson of the Korean War. Even before 1949, when America still held the monopoly of atomic weapons, the threat of push-button war proved an ineffective deterrent. Why should anyone think it will work better now that Russia is making H-bombs? As Professor Blackett has argued at length in these columns, we may well be moving toward a balance of power in which both sides desist from using weapons of annihilation for fear of retaliation. When Mr. Dulles and Mr. Nixon pompously announce their "new strategy" and the British Government concurs, all they do is to advertise to the Communists the predicament in which the Western Powers find themselves today. After their experience in Korea the U.S. Chiefs of Staff are determined never again to commit American ground forces in what Mr. Nixon calls "little wars." So they have started to slash the size of the American army. But once they have abandoned the attempt to build up balanced forces for the purposes of limited warfare, they must revert to their pre-Korean strategy of Big War bluff.

This may deceive the American people. But that it will deceive no one else has been demonstrated in Indo-China. For no sooner was Mr. Dulles challenged over his threat, some months ago, of massive retaliation if China were to intervene on a significant scale in Indo-China, than he had to explain to worried Congressmen that he did not mean what he said. America, he has assured them, is not committed by his speech to intervention in Indo-China. She will continue to pay for two-thirds of a war which the French will actually fight.

Here at last we discover the real meaning of the new strategy. The U.S. is to concentrate on the building of unconventional weapons and a strategic air force for big wars while her allies in Asia and Europe provide the ground troops for small local campaigns. In this thankless task they will be encouraged by the knowledge that if things go really badly, the Americans may possibly decide to help them by starting World War III with an avalanche of atomic bombs. There are two obvious objections to this new strategy. In the first place instead of limiting war, as was done in Korea, it turns every local war into a potential world war. In the second place, the proposed division of labour between America and her allies is intolerably unfair. Apparently it is proposed that the young men of Britain and France will go on garrisoning the colonial world, while America cuts the manpower of her forces by 400,000 men and gradually disengages the divisions she still has on the mainland of Europe. No wonder Lord Hore-Belisha was surprised that the Government accepted the new strategy without a murmur.

Towards "Home Rule" in Kenya

Mr. Lyttelton is now going to implement his constitutional proposals for Kenya "without delay." The African group have affirmed that they will not join a Council of Ministers containing only one African. Whatever the Moslem attitude, the Hindu community has been ready to support the Africans in their refusal. It now looks very probable, however, that the Governor may find an individual African—probably a Luo—to co-operate, now that it is clear that the scheme is going through anyway. Whatever the final composition of the Council, the effect of giving it authority must be deplorable. It means that the dominant group of settlers, who have for many years been demanding the right of a few thousand Europeans to rule over five and a half million Africans, have at last succeeded in beating down the opposition of Whitehall and taking the first step towards "self-government." For the new Council, unlike the old Executive (which remains in existence with somewhat uncertain functions), is in effect a Cabinet, with Ministers responsible to the electorate and not to the Governor, whose position begins to resemble that of a Premier. The presence of two Asians and one (or for that matter two) Africans on this Council does not even begin to turn the Government of Kenya into a multiracial "partnership." The two Asians are, it is true, elected by the Hindu and Moslem communities (by a slip last week we equated them, in this, with the Africans), but the African member of the Council can have no real independence or representative character since no Africans have votes. There is apparently still a possibility that this anomaly will be changed, but we can scarcely hope for such a concession to African opinion when Mr. Lyttelton's effort to obtain even two Africans on the Council instead of one has been rejected by the Settlers.

Turn of the Tide?

The last two weeks have been the worst Senator McCarthy has had to face since he started his climb to power. It is still far too early, however, to decide whether the tide has turned against him. No one in Washington, the *New York Times* soberly reported this week, is yet willing to conclude that McCarthy's power "has been shattered on any permanent basis." It is clear, however, that he is now being fought by the powerful group in his own party which originally supported Mr. Eisenhower against Senator Taft. Edward R. Murrow's courageous counter-attack was launched under the sponsorship of the Aluminum Corporation; Senator Flanders, a spokesman for the "liberal" and "Eastern" Republicans, fired another salvo, and evoked from the President the cautious statement that he was "doing a service"; and Vice-President Nixon, in a broadcast designed to show that the White House still claimed leadership of the party, criticised McCarthy in terms general enough to avoid an open break, but strong enough to imply that there would be no more concessions to McCarthy. It seems that the Senator's bid for effective power inside his party has reached a point where it has begun to alarm many who tolerated his methods while he was savaging Communists and smearing Democrats in the Party interest.

Mr. Cohn and Private Schine

McCarthy's most serious setback has come from the Army's exposure of the efforts to obtain preferential treatment for Private Schine. It is all very well for the Administration to claim credit for this, but the damaging report issued last week seems to have been prepared by the Army as an insurance against McCarthy, and its publication was secured by the Democratic members of McCarthy's committee—which this week has decided to hold public hearings on the matter. The alleged "coddling" of Private Schine is much more likely to impress the ordinary American—who thinks that McCarthy has done a good job on Communism—than attacks on him as a dangerous demagogue. The opinion polls already show the beginning of a revulsion against him; the swing may well accelerate if the affair of Cohn and Schine is properly handled. Nevertheless, it would be foolish to under-estimate McCarthy's ability to turn an incident like this to his own advantage. What new stunt will he devise to revenge himself on Mr. Murrow and the Columbia Broadcasting System? What new scare can distract attention from the Army's case against him? So long as the Administration still fears the electoral consequences of a head-on clash, McCarthy's opponents go into the battle without the big guns which General Eisenhower commands.

No Depression?

President Eisenhower's pronouncement that there is "no depression" in the U.S. was designed, primarily, to persuade Congress to accept his Budget without further tax-reductions. The better the gloss he can put on the economic situation, the less need there will seem to be for tax-cuts and a larger deficit. He talked, indeed, of the continuing danger of inflation—though this is unlikely to impress anyone who looks at the growing total of unemployed. In January the President himself said that unless the employment figures improved in March, action would be necessary. Now, just before this optimistic speech, it appears that unemployment rose by nearly 600,000 in February, and the new claims for benefit in the first two weeks of March show a further rise. Total unemployment, in fact, may already be over the four million mark, for the method of collecting unemployment figures was changed last month. If the previous method had been retained, the February figures would have shown an increase of over a million. Unless the trend is checked, the number out of work at the end of this March will be as high as it was after the "little recession" of 1949.

East-West Trade

East-West trade shows signs of rapidly becoming respectable. At Geneva Lord Reading has welcomed the meeting of experts convened by E.C.E. for next month and has proudly announced that Great Britain is negotiating with Poland for a trade agreement, will soon be doing the same with Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and welcomes the recent moves by the Soviet Government to expand Anglo-Soviet trade. At the same time, Lord Reading told E.C.E. to keep its hands off the political aspects of the matter, and not to attempt to discuss the strategic embargoes which, at the behest of the United States, Western countries are still imposing on a very wide range of goods the Soviet countries would like to buy. In Lord Reading's view, we should send consumers' goods in exchange for Soviet foodstuffs and materials. So, no doubt, we should; but nobody really believes that East-West trade can be built up to a satisfactory level unless we are prepared to send capital goods and Commonwealth raw materials as well, and to modify greatly the list of exports embargoed on strategic grounds. The present state of our trade with the dollar area and the effects of the decline in dollar aid to our West European customers confront us with an imperative need to find both fresh markets and larger non-dollar supplies of necessary imports; and we do this only if we are prepared to sell across the Iron Curtain what the Russians and their allies, including the Chinese, want, as well as what we should like best to get rid of or can send without causing an outcry in the United States. Even the Americans, or at any rate more of them, are coming to realise that, if they mean to cut their aid to Europe, they will have to let the West European countries trade more freely across the Iron Curtain as the only alternative to economic collapse.

The Case of David Leff

Mr. Leff is an American employee of Unesco, who has been indefinitely suspended on pay for his refusal to return to New York and appear before a Grand Jury. Though no charge had been brought against him, he refused to go on the grounds that his passport had been withdrawn some time before and that once he arrived in New York he would be unable to return to Paris, where his family lives, and where he is employed by an international agency. His employment would then lapse. The Unesco Staff Association strongly criticised Mr. Leff's suspension by the Director-General, and supported his appeal—the Unesco staff being concerned lest the State Department's extension of the loyalty purge to Americans in U.N. agencies should begin to threaten the independence of these agencies and the status of international civil servants. The Leff case has dragged on. Mr. Leff won his first appeal. Last week he won the second, the Appeals Board ruling that the Director-General had been wrong in trying to usurp the functions of a court. The decision added that the U.S. Grand Jury had not followed up the case with a contempt citation, and pointed out that Unesco could not claim that its reputation was damaged by Mr. Leff's stand, since he had not been the subject of much press controversy. Within two or three days, both these omissions were "coincidentally" rectified; the Grand Jury citation came in, and U.S. newspapers began to attack the "scandal" of Mr. Leff's continued retention on the Unesco pay-roll. The case could now go to the I.L.O. Administrative Tribunal. It is possible, however, that

the Director-General will not risk any more unfavourable decisions, but will wait until Mr. Leff's contract lapses later this year.

B.O.A.C. Men Protest

The decision of the B.O.A.C. maintenance men at London Airport not to service the Hermes aircraft now up for sale to private operators has not, as we write, been endorsed by the unions concerned at national level. But, whether or not the union executives back up the local officials who sit on the Airport joint panel, the affair offers an illuminating commentary on last week's Civil Aviation debate in the Commons. For the maintenance men refuse to co-operate in the selling-off of the planes which have become redundant, they hold, as a result of the Government's destructive attitude towards the corporations. It can, of course, be argued that the maintenance men are constitutionally in the wrong; that the decision to dispose of the Hermes planes is a legitimate function of management which cannot be seriously challenged by the unions, once the aircraft have in fact become redundant, even though in this case the men's livelihood may be affected and B.O.A.C.'s pretence of consultation was, in the earlier stages, almost derisory; that the further complication of unemployment at the Corporation's Treforest repair shops in the South Wales development area does not really undermine this principle, even though it makes the men's anxiety doubly understandable. If the protest is directed in terms against the Government policy which is held, rightly or wrongly, to have caused the redundancy, then, within the strict constitutional proprieties, the men's attitude is still easier to condemn—even though the dividing line between a political and an industrial grievance is very difficult to draw in this sort of issue. But to say so much, and then to comment merely that "these questions of policy are not for the trade unions to judge"—as *The Times* did last Wednesday—is to show a total lack of industrial imagination. The two air corporations have been built into remarkably good examples of industrial team-work; and, even if it were not for the anxiety over Treforest, it is typical of their morale that their industrial employees feel the keenest interest in corporation policy and the keenest resentment at a change of Government policy to the detriment of the corporations. This personal identification with the success of the enterprise is exactly what the public is so eager to foster in other industries. It is futile to comment that it expresses itself ineptly without at the same time observing that much of the present Government's aviation policy is both factious and indefensible.

Controlling Mr. Beaumont

Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's general intention "to control non-profit-making theatrical companies" deserves support. His Parliamentary Bill proposes one way of doing this; and it is up to him to demonstrate to the Commons that it is the best way. The abuse which he seeks to remedy is the exploitation for private profit (perfectly legitimate as the law stands) of Section 8 of the 1946 Finance Act, which exempts from entertainment duty any play performed or put on by a non-profit-making company whose objects and aims are partly educational. Mr. Wyatt does not argue against the value of such a provision, which has, indeed, done much to raise British theatrical standards. His complaint, broadly justified we believe, is that Mr. Hugh Beaumont, head of the principal non-profit-making company —Tennent Productions, Ltd.—and of the highly profitable H. M. Tennent, Ltd., has so driven his companies in double harness as to amass both a personal fortune and unparalleled theatrical power in the West End: and that the whole empire is founded on the fact that Tennent Productions, Ltd., is exempt from entertainment tax. Nobody suggests that Mr. Beaumont has done anything he is not entitled to. Nobody suggests that he has not used his power to achieve some good. Nobody, however, ought seriously to claim that public money should be used to create private and unaccountable monopoly. Mr. Wyatt's Bill insists, first, that no director or principal official of a non-profit-making company may be employed by, or have a financial interest in, a profit-making company: and, secondly, that no non-profit-making company may pay a management fee, in respect of its plays, to a profit-making company. There are, no doubt, other ways of remedying the abuse: this one is a masterpiece of simplicity. Mr. Beaumont would be encouraged to continue a life of good works, and would be helped by the Treasury if it should prove too unremunerative. He would be prevented from inflating the power and the profits of H. M. Tennent, Ltd. out of the subsidised losses of Tennent Productions.

PARIS

Anatomy of a Bye-Election

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Seine-et-Oise bye-election was an important political event, since it gave some indication of the attitude of the electorate to E.D.C. This constituency, which includes 460,468 voters, falls naturally into two halves: the West—rural, Catholic and conservative; and the East (which includes part of the North-West Paris factory belt)—industrialised and predominantly Communist. At the general election of June, 1951, nine deputies were returned: three Communists (representing 32.4 per cent. of the votes cast), three Gaullists (representing 26.8 per cent), one Radical (12.6), one Socialist (10.5) and one M.R.P. (7.1). The C.P. vote, it should be noted, was some 6 per cent. higher than the national average.

The bye-election, caused by the death of the Gaullist Party president, André Diethelm, was dominated by two issues: E.D.C. and anti-Communism. The opening stage of the contest, leading up to the first ballot, centred around E.D.C. The C.P. candidate, André Stil, the young Stalin Prizewinner and editor-in-chief of *L'Humanité*, campaigned almost entirely on an anti-E.D.C. platform. The so-called "nationalist" parties were split by this issue, and the confusion was increased by the political vacuum caused by the disintegration of the Gaullist Party. Hence, at the first ballot, eighteen candidates presented themselves: one C.P., one Socialist, two fellow-travellers and fourteen assorted nationalists. Of the latter, one, Madame Germaine Peyroles (M.R.P.), had a definite pro-E.D.C. platform and two, both ex-Gaullists, had a definite anti-E.D.C. one. At one time it looked as if the splits in the nationalist ranks would enable the C.P. to win an absolute majority of the votes cast and carry the seat outright on the first ballot. In the event, however, though the number of abstentions (which normally favour the C.P.) rose from 16.5 per cent. (in 1951) to 43 per cent., these also affected the C.P. vote—which dropped by 19,000—and M. Stil fell short of the necessary majority by over 25,000 votes. Nevertheless, he was still well in the lead with 97,873 (38 per cent. of the votes cast) against his nearest competitors—Mme Peyroles, with 29,010, and M. Reibel (Independent) with 27,669.

For the second ballot, based on the simple majority principle, a C.P. victory could only be avoided if all but one of the nationalist candidates retired. Before the first ballot, M. Reibel, an elderly *Pétainiste* whose ineligibility for public office was lifted by the last amnesty, had got the other nationalist candidates to agree to retire from the second ballot in favour of whichever of them received the most votes on the first. Mme Peyroles, therefore, was logically the official nationalist candidate for the second ballot. Just before the lists for nominations closed, however, M. Reibel revolted against his own rules and submitted his candidacy. He argued that a majority of the electorate was anti-E.D.C. and that it was absurd that the nationalist candidate should be one of its most extreme supporters. On the contrary, he expected Mme Peyroles to retire in *his* favour, since he had received more votes than any other anti-E.D.C. nationalist.

Up to the first ballot, M. Reibel had received considerable support from a section of the Right-wing Press. But after his attempt to "sabotage" the anti-Communist front, the Right and Centre Press closed its ranks and subjected him to a campaign of almost unprecedented violence—including the sudden "discovery" of his political past. At the political level, the campaign against him was lead by Jean-Paul David, the Radical deputy for the constituency, who is also the director of the anti-Communist organisation *Paix et Liberté*. Three days before the second ballot, M. Reibel could stand the pace no longer and withdrew his candidacy. Mme Peyroles dropped her pro-E.D.C. campaign, fought entirely on an anti-Communist ticket, and won the seat by the comfortable margin of 13,437 votes.

An analysis of the figures reveals no dramatic shifts in political allegiance. As was expected, the break-up of the Gaullist Party benefited the M.R.P. and, to a lesser extent, the Independents. The C.P. made notable gains, even in some of the rural cantons, and increased its percentage of the votes cast by nearly 10 per cent. (this increase was not made at the expense of the Socialists, who maintained their candidate in the second ballot). The increase of 9,447 in the C.P. vote was in contrast to a decline of 48,443 in the votes received by the other principal parties, excluding the Socialists. The C.P., in fact, received 8 per cent. more of the votes than in 1945, when the Party was at its maximum strength. The degree of hostility to E.D.C. which these figures show is more problematical. A few observers have described the election as a triumph for the "Europeans." This is manifestly incorrect: the first ballot seems to indicate a clear majority against E.D.C. On the other hand, the two nationalist candidates who ran principally on an anti-E.D.C. platform received only 14,946 and 3,610 votes. Moreover, the second ballot showed that in the last resort neither the parties, nor the Press, nor even the electorate are prepared to allow their deeply indoctrinated (and class-conscious) hostility to Communism to take second place to a more transient dislike of E.D.C.

Mr. Morrison and the Observer

Is a newspaper guilty of impropriety if it reports the "private" proceedings of party meetings? This is the important issue which Mr. Morrison raised last weekend. In a speech to his constituents, obviously carefully considered, he took the unusual course of singling out an individual—the political correspondent of the *Observer*—for attack. The *Observer* had carried details and circumstantial stories of the discussions on German rearmament which took place recently in both the Parliamentary Labour Party and the Party's National Executive. Mr. Morrison asserted that such discussions are, and should remain, confidential, and that correspondents who seek to pierce the veil of secrecy are doing a disservice to democracy.

At first sight, Mr. Morrison's view may commend itself—at least to politicians. It is unfashionable today for Members of Parliament to hold the Wilsonian view that open covenants openly arrived at are the essential feature of democracy. Certainly, privacy is frequently desirable if politicians are to discuss their differences without playing to the gallery, and settle them by reasonable compromises. If Mr. Morrison had urged that editors have an obligation to weigh the matter carefully before publishing reports of what goes on behind the scenes, no one could have dissented from his judgment. But he went much further than this. He seemed to suggest that the treatment, properly accorded by the British press to Cabinet proceedings, should now be extended to caucus meetings. Not only should everybody present at these gatherings feel bound to stay mum: newspaper correspondents, too, should regard it as their duty not to ferret out the truth. In Mr. Morrison's view, the public interest requires that the public should *not* be informed of what goes on inside the parties. The man in the street must be content, for instance, to learn from an official hand-out that, after a private discussion, Labour decided to support immediate German rearmament; or that, after another private discussion among its backbenchers, the Conservative Party resolved to support the Government in continuing to negotiate with General Neguib. Journalists who suspect that such hand-outs do not contain the whole truth and seek to supplement them from other sources are held to be guilty of improper curiosity.

The greatest danger to our democracy is the growing autocracy of the party machines. Parliamentary government, in its original sense, has long since been supplanted by Cabinet government; and the independent vote of the individual Member has, by now, been almost eliminated by the loyalty which the Whips extort. In no democracy anywhere is power concentrated in fewer hands than it is in this country, with its two party oligarchies. One result of this is that debates in the Commons, and the divisions which follow them, have less and less significance. Issues are being fought out and policies decided not in the Commons Chamber itself, but upstairs, where the party committees meet in secret. All secrecy must tend to corrupt: absolute secrecy corrupts absolutely. If the press fails in its duty of prying out what goes on in those committee rooms, it will deny to the public the information which is essential for the understanding of current Parliamentary affairs. That those who control the two party machines want to limit information to official handouts and "off the record" briefings, is understandable. But what of the minorities? Are they to express their view, and seek to convert new allies, only in secret meetings, accepting in public the dictate of the machine? If so, our political parties, inside and outside Parliament, will rapidly develop the worst characteristics of caucus rule; and the elector will rapidly lose what little control he has over the activities and conduct of his elected representative.

In this respect the Labour Party is particularly open to criticism. The Opposition is led by a Leader and Deputy Leader, assisted by a Committee elected annually by the whole Parliamentary Party. Their task is to work out Parliamentary tactics and lines of policy and then to submit them to a full Party meeting. Theoretically, this assembly of nearly 300 persons sitting in secret is a sovereign power which makes every policy decision and decides what the Labour leaders shall say and do in public. Under a standing order recently introduced, the majority decision of the Party meeting is binding upon all dissentient minorities and groups, though abstention in the Lobby is permitted on conscience grounds. It was imposed in order to prevent the Bevanites from acting as an organised group on the floor of the House. But its main results have been first to transform the Opposition into a caucus which exhibits a dull uniformity in public and quarrels furiously behind closed doors; and secondly, to take yet more power away from the individual Member and hand it over to the Party machine.

It is instructive to remember that two hundred years ago an oligarchic House of Commons tried to revive the ancient Parliamentary privilege which still technically forbids publication of its proceedings. Then, a certain Colonel Onslow made the kind of attack on the *London Evening Post* which Mr. Morrison is now levelling against the *Observer*. Colonel Onslow's view prevailed. The printer of the newspaper was arrested; and only after the Lord Mayor of London, Brass Crosby, had released him—and had himself been incarcerated in the Tower for so doing—were the Commons brought to their senses. A wave of popular indignation made them realise that the elector has the right to know not only the fact that his representative has voted in a certain way, but the reasons why he has done so.

Today the party machines and caucuses are displaying the same oligarchic love of secrecy which Brass Crosby fought in the eighteenth century: they have transferred the effective point of decision from the public debate to their private conclaves. Fortunately, however, they cannot take refuge behind claims of Parliamentary privilege. They must content themselves by forbidding their members to discuss private meetings with journalists and giving moral lectures to those journalists who, despite this ban, publish accounts of proceedings which differ from the official hand-out. The *Observer* is not the only newspaper which has made itself unpopular with the bosses by informing the public of the conflicts and discussions inside the parties. The *Daily Telegraph*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Express* have, each in its own way, contributed to this essential form of public education. We congratulate their correspondents on refusing to be fobbed off with official hand-outs, and their editors on publishing "secrets" of which the elector has the right to be informed. And we hope that Mr. Morrison, who has a genuine love of representative institutions, will realise on reflection that, if his advice were accepted by the newspapers, Parliamentary liberty would be the chief sufferer.

The real evil we are suffering from is the growth of caucus rule. It is against the dignity of Parliament that binding decisions should be taken in secret conclave and enforced on Members of Parliament, who ought to be answerable to their constituents. So long as the party oligarchies subject their members to this kind of discipline, the press will rightly feel bound to pry into their secrets. If Mr. Morrison resents this curiosity about the Labour Party he has an easy way of abating it. Let the Parliamentary Labour Party abandon the attempt to reach binding decisions in its secret conclaves. If that were done, the unhealthy importance which at present attaches to these meetings upstairs would be removed, and public interest would revert to the debates on the floor of the House of Commons.

Industrial Peacemaking

Sir Walter Monckton is fairly entitled to a sigh of relief, and satisfaction: Thanks in great part to his emollient diplomacy, the danger, which seemed serious before Christmas, of large-scale stoppages in industry has been averted. With settlement now reached in the electrical contracting trade, on the basis of a 2d. per hour wage-increase, this winter's round of pay-adjustments is virtually complete. Odds and ends have still to be tidied up: the engineering and shipbuilding employers have still to be persuaded that the minimum advance of 7s. resulting from the Court of Inquiry's recommendation should apply to unskilled men, and the private bus operators are, so far, reluctant to accept the finding of their Inquiry that the 4s. awarded in December by the Industrial Court should be raised to a level "comparable with the increases" subsequently effective in other sections of transport. By and large, however, the pattern is clear: industrial peace—in the coal mines, transport and the metal-using trades—has been secured, with only one sector unimportantly disturbed by the E.T.U.'s "guerrilla" strikes, at the cost of raising wages by 7s.-8s. a week. Through the interplay of a number of factors—trade union pressure, "impartial" awards, the employers' reluctance to have profitable production interrupted, the Minister's determination to be a successful peacemaker—a 5-6 per cent. rise in wage-rates has been agreed as "acceptable" for the time being, and certainly preferable to a head-on trial of strength.

The peace—or perhaps one should say truce—thus amicably concluded has given rise to two suggestions aimed at ensuring that the next round of wage-adjustments shall take place in an equally "reasonable" atmosphere.

(1) The Court of Inquiry in the engineering and shipbuilding dispute added a rider to its findings. It proposed that "some authoritative and impartial body" should examine "the wider problems" arising out of this year's batch of wage-increases, and express a considered opinion "whether even a slight upward thrust in the inflationary spiral would be disastrous" in the present or foreseeable situation of Britain's economy.

(2) Mr. Harold Watkinson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labour, last week emphatically endorsed the suggestion originally mooted by Sir Godfrey Ince, the Permanent Under-Secretary, that in all industries the negotiating machinery should provide for the final reference of all unsolved disputes to arbitration.

Both these proposals seemingly have Sir Walter Monckton's blessing. He has invited the T.U.C. to discuss them with him; and the invita-

tion has been accepted by the T.U.C.'s Economic Committee. Few would quarrel with the proposition that strikes and lock-outs are a clumsy, brutal and wasteful method of regulating pay and working conditions. But, lest sanguine hopes be prematurely raised that a royal road to permanent industrial peace is in process of construction, a little cool appraisal of the implications of the proposals seems desirable.

First, the "authoritative and impartial body." Some commentators in the Press have assumed that the Court of Inquiry contemplated the establishment of a permanent Authority, whose task it would be to measure the size of national cake and to assess the slice which "labour" should enjoy. Such an idea can be ruled out of consideration. To begin with, the T.U.C. would never assume responsibility for making a judgment which would inevitably compromise in some degree all negotiations launched individually by its sovereign constituents. Secondly, in an economy which is fully employed, but of which 80 per cent. is operated by private enterprise, what conceivable yardstick could measure the "fair" apportionment to wages of the gross national product without making a similar arbitrament consequentially for rent, interest and profit—to say nothing of capital investment? And if it were to essay such an exercise in feudal economics, would not the Authority in fact be invading grossly the province of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? For these reasons alone—and the whole conception of a "wage policy" bristles with difficulties in a capitalist society—it seems safe to forecast that the only outcome of Sir Walter's conversations with the T.U.C. will be, at most, an *ad hoc* Joint Inquiry directed to the immediate future and with strictly limited terms of reference. "Given the present exchange value of sterling, is there in prospect a sufficient increase of (*a*) production and (*b*) exports in 1954-55 to carry, without undue inflation or loss of foreign trade, increased domestic consumption arising from increased wages"? Some such question might be asked; but, even so, there are so many relevant imponderables—increased mechanical efficiency, reduced consumption by dividend-drawers, recovery or deepened depression in the U.S.—that there would be small likelihood of an agreed answer.

There remains the proposal that recourse to arbitration should be more general. This is not, be it observed, a proposal that arbitration should be made compulsory. The modification of existing machinery for negotiation must be voluntarily accepted. But is acceptance by trade unions likely—or desirable? Speaking at Buxton on March 11, Mr. Watkinson said that his Ministry's aim was to make strikes "unnecessary" because a "sound" system of arbitration could secure that "justice is both done and seen to be done." Admirable, pious aspiration. Admittedly, ever since 1926, big trade unions have shrunk from official national strikes—not (as King Street partisans would argue) from indifference to members' interests, but because of the inordinate cost of a stoppage. But from this cautious attitude it is a long step to accepting "final" arbitration. The old-style strike or lock-out was a struggle whose outcome depended (and could be estimated) on market supply and demand for labour at a given time. With full employment, arbitrators can no longer act as they previously did. They can no longer function as interpreters of the balance of economic forces, issuing awards in compliance with their estimates of an "economic" wage. They are bound to act rather in conformity with what they conceive to be Government policy with regard to working-class consumption; and since, under any Right-wing or Centre Government, "restraint" is assumed to be the ruling prescription, arbitration awards necessarily tend to be the absolute minimum consistent with the avoidance of a strike.

This is a very different thing from Mr. Watkinson's notion that "justice" can be convincingly demonstrated. Arbitration, provided awards are not binding, may have its uses—though in a period of rising prices it is usually a means of delaying adequate wage-adjustments. But the least militant members of the T.U.C.'s Economic Committee are unlikely to ignore the hard fact that the 1954 arbitration formula of "seven shillings a week" would probably have been less favourable to the workers if the N.U.R.'s strike threat in December had not managed to secure from the Employer-State a wage advance which "keyed" the pace for the miners, the engineers, the busmen and the electricians.

London Diary

TRADITIONALLY, journalists are an irresponsible set of people whose job it is to find out and tell the world what interested parties would prefer it not to know. Even the most respectable of them (like the correspondents and leader writers of *The Times* in the 19th century, who were then almost in a class by themselves) have thought it their first duty to reveal the private views and motives of politicians, who were prevented by their Party position from speaking their own mind publicly. The journalist and the politician have an understanding: each helps the other. To learn this technique is still part of the journalist's job, and anyone who takes the trouble to examine the working of our Parliamentary system will soon discover that it is an indispensable function. That is why Lobby correspondents exist. Reporters in the gallery describe the scene in the debating chamber; the Lobby correspondent (who may not go into the gallery) is privileged to hang about in the Inner Lobby, which is not open to the ordinary public, so that he may talk to M.P.s and interpret events, as a result of these confidential conversations. One of the oddest parts of Mr. Morrison's present attack on the *Observer* and other unnamed correspondents is that no one has been so free or so successful in this art of being lobbied as Mr. Morrison himself. He has used the press as skilfully as Palmerston did in his day. No one has so delicately drawn the fine distinction between off and on the record, or, for that reason, been so successful in getting a fair presentation of Labour's case in newspapers initially biased against it. Nor has anyone been smarter in making sure that his own side of any internal controversy has received a better press than his Party opponents. I wonder whether he realises quite what he is now doing. If he were to get his way, there would be no informed contact between the public and its Parliamentary representatives, no Labour Parliamentary contact with the rank-and-file except the official hand-out.

* * *

Any assiduous reader of this journal with a particularly good memory may recall an article in this journal in 1948 (June 19) called "Who Killed the King?" It was a statement of the facts that appeared during the inquiry into the strange circumstances of the death of the late King of Siam. It added an attempted solution of the murder. The King had been found in bed in the morning with a bullet-hole through his forehead, and a revolver by his side. Good evidence for most of the details was lacking, because a considerable period elapsed before anyone from outside, including, apparently, the police, actually viewed the scene of the tragedy. This had considerable political importance, because an effort was at once made to put the blame on Pridi, the leader of the democratic elements in Siam, who had fought on the Allied side in the war, and who was a rival of the Prime Minister, Marshal Pibul. In private conversation afterwards, the Marshal was ready enough to admit that there was no case against Pridi. He was Regent at the time, and the King's death was a handy way of pushing him into exile. Protracted inquiries were carried out, and two pages, who had the job of sleeping by the door of the King's room, were arrested, and kept in chains. Much pressure and long ill-treatment failed to produce any admission, and there was no evidence against them. There is none today. But at last, eight years after their arrest, they have been condemned to death! The case is now under appeal. No one is likely to believe that evidence has been discovered seven years after the tragedy. The mystery should now remain a mystery. If the two pages are executed, every disinterested person will believe that they have been used as scapegoats to hide a scandal.

* * *

Just twenty years' ago, when Einstein was thrown out of Germany, and he was in his middle fifties, he figured in a former set of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION profiles. Low's delicious sketch showed him casting his own shadow into space, and the elaborate bit of stylised prose about him was written anonymously by J. M. Keynes. We received him with open arms in England then, after he was driven from Germany for what the Nazis called his anti-German views. Today he is similarly attacked as anti-American by the McCarthyites. It is a measure of the great difference between Germany in 1934 and America in 1954 that Einstein is not driven from America, and that among the sane half of Americans he is hailed as one of the world's greatest men. Nearly two years have passed since I saw him in his home in Princeton. I came away with the feeling that I had been more intimately in the presence of true greatness than ever before in my life. Since then the hounds have bayed more loudly round him and others, who know that the goodness of our civilisation depends (even if its shape is not determined) on our winning the battle for intellectual liberty. His advice this week to all thinking Americans is to stand together and fight for their freedom at whatever personal risk to themselves. It is their job and their privilege. If they cannot show that America is not Germany, then nobody can.

* * *

The Truth About Dartmoor—a Gollancz book written by two ex-prisoners—turns out to be little more than a very readable reminder that the truth about Dartmoor, as about most other things, is many-sided. It will do better than it deserves because it has enraged Lord Hailsham and the Prison Officers' Association. And because it is in places so obviously—and perhaps forgivably—unfair, and so jauntily journalistic, the Prison Commissioners will not be worried by it as they were by *Walls Have Mouths*. That book led to some radical reforms at Parkhurst, mainly because the Treasury took more notice of it than they had been taking of the Commissioners' Annual Reports to the Home Secretary. What strikes me as most odd is the suggestion that when a publisher receives a manuscript attacking some public institution, his proper course is not to publish it but to show it to the authorities. There are some authorities—and I should guess that the Prison Commissioners are among them—who can accomplish little in the way of change without the

backing of an aroused public opinion. *The Truth About Dartmoor* will mislead as well as arouse, but some of its criticisms are sound enough, and good may come of them.

* * *

I lean towards the unregenerate view about the morality of betting and lotteries; but while the law remains as it is I must confess to some sympathy with the Chief Constable of Shropshire, whose recent prosecutions of lotteries run for "football club supporters" have come under criticism. ("One club in a town of 30,000," he said in a letter to *The Times* last Tuesday, "has managed to enlist the weekly support of over 100,000 people.") The Betting and Lotteries Act of 1934 legalises "private" lotteries, confined to members of one society or to people working or living in the same building. If the society has local affiliated branches, each branch must have its own little lottery if it wants one at all. But as soon as you get people joining a society or "club" for the sole purpose of buying a lottery chance, there is an open challenge to the law. I suppose it's sometimes difficult to decide the quantitative point at which a "club" becomes the general public, as in the case of the eight million trade union members who were found to be automatic members of Unity Theatre Club. But when I was asked recently to "join" a "church restoration club," so as to acquire eligibility for a ham and two bottles of gin, incidentally helping to rebuild a Catholic church, it seemed to me that the lottery laws should either be enforced all round or scrapped. Lotteries being about the most innocuous form of betting, I am in favour of the scrapping.

* * *

If I were asked for an example of true success in a life partnership I should choose the case of Lord and Lady Pethick-Lawrence. The partnership has now unhappily been broken by Lady Pethick-Lawrence's death at the age of 86. Pethick-Lawrence himself one may even now meet walking briskly across Lincolns Inn Fields, where he was still playing excellent tennis in his seventies. Theirs was a life of continuous public activity as well as private happiness, and they lived to see not only votes given to women, but success in many other of their many causes, including, almost incidentally, the freedom of India, in which Pethick-Lawrence played a most notable part himself when he was nearing 80. I am just old enough to remember the famous quarrel between the Peths and Panks in 1912, when the Pankhursts got rid of their allies, the Pethick-Lawrences, whose militancy jibbed at a secret programme of destruction of private and public property all over the country. It is a mistake to think that the Pethicks were not prepared to run plenty of risks. They spent the whole of a considerable fortune on the suffrage cause. They both went to prison, Lady Pethick-Lawrence five times.

* * *

Members who complained about the exhumation of German war criminals were told by Mr. Eden that he saw no reason to protest. He explained that relatives had asked that the bodies should be removed to a place they could visit without visiting the prison. "I am not prepared," he said, "to pursue hatred beyond the grave." I hear that the irrepressible, but usually highly relevant Emrys Hughes is proposing to ask whether, in that case, Mr. Eden will agree to have the body of Roger Casement, the Irish patriot, removed from Pentonville, where he was hanged as a traitor, to a place where his relatives can visit his grave without visiting the prison.

CRITIC

A HA'PORTH OF TAR

No longer chide the Admiralty Board
And First Sea Lord,
Nor grudge the paltry millions they allot
The Royal Yacht—
Crowned Heads deserve a vessel that compares
With millionaires'.

Pomp and magnificence are not essential
To cruises Presidential,
But ships exclusively for kings intended
Must be more splendid,
And Britain owes her Sovereign something finer
Than a converted liner.

That which in commoners shows vulgar waste,
Excruciating taste
In royal rulers does but represent
Their proper element.
England expects the Monarchy to own
A sea-borne throne.

In little streets all loyal subjects dote
On palaces afloat,
All plush, all pile, all glitter and all gilt—
So should this ship be built
Ten times as rich, a hundred times as large
As Cleopatra's barge.

For nymphs and Cupids left the one she sat in
No room to swing a cat in,
With purple silk pavilions over-furnished—
But just as burnished,
Gorgeous, magnificent and ostentatious,
Britannia's far more spacious.

Then let us plump regardless of expense
For costly opulence—
The splendour appertaining to the Crown
Let none count down,
Or think Great Britain royal state can keep
Bought on the cheap.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Sometimes I wonder who, except our Maker, really does understand us and can say definitely just what sex we are.—Letter in *Sunday Pictorial*. (W. Pardoe.)

"We have seen during the last few years the disastrous effects on the Continent of Europe of tolerance to a compromise with the fundamentals of scouting."—Lord Rowallan, reported in *Manchester Guardian*. (B. G.)

My dog refuses to eat cake unless it is home-made. He spits out shop-bought cakes on the carpet.—Letter in *People*. (C. Greenfield.)

Lady would like to contact persons in the London area possessing advanced knowledge of Psychology and Nature Cure, with a view to conducting telephone discussions on these subjects. . . .—*London Weekly Advertiser*. (M. Shaw.)

A wise censorship is not easy, but the public can assist the police by drawing the attention of the local authorities to any book which, without cavil, is immoral and evil. The ultimate tribunal is, of course, an educated public opinion, but even this can not always be trusted.—Letter in *Spectator*. (B. M.)

Few resorts can claim such amenities as Cliftonville's sandy beaches, beautiful promenades and cliff-top walks, and such luxuries as the Lido, where the delightful swimming pool is overlooked by sun-terraces and cafés, a theatre, an aquarium, and a screened sun-deck where an electric organ adds to the tranquility of the perfect summer setting.—*Margate Official Guide*, 1954. (J. O. Morris.)

Problem Addicts

THEY started on the first day of the voyage out to New York: the new American blues. The ironical Boston lady, the Summer-School girl from Chicago, the blazing Professor at the bar who wished he was Jefferson, the young man sacked from the U.S. Information Service, even a widow from Ohio who had been having an affair with an Italian in Rome and who was at war with her relations because he disappointed their generalisations about Europe: he was not after her money—they all said the same thing in shocked, puzzled voices: "Europe hates us. And Europe is right to hate us," they said. "We are hysterical about the next war, our troops of occupation disgrace us, we are inexperienced and childish in foreign politics, we back all the wrong people. It's humiliating to have to read the foreign press to find out what is really going on in the world." The self-laceration was broken by an occasional chestnut: "It's a pity someone doesn't tell Dulles to keep a civil foot in his mouth." The only McCarthyite words I heard on this ship came in the touching, panic-stricken, broken English of a pair of first generation immigrants: "Whya we paya all dis taxes to European Communists?" Very different from the overfed moral chauvinism of 25 years ago, when I first crossed the Atlantic. Now there was worry, gloom and paralysis: "Every time the Republicans want to win an election—do we have to have a Reichstag fire?"

One has seen sinning nations at the penitent's bench before, but I have never heard national self-criticism anywhere on this scale. It was misleading, of course. Americans do not really approve of worry, doubt and melancholy. These are unproductive states of mind; indeed, this race of natural technicians uses another word to describe their maladies. The word is "problem." Something wrong or depressing is a "problem" to be solved. No tragedies or comedies in their civilisation: only "problems" to be worked out. Every soul is a machine to be tinkered with and mended.

Hence the shock of pleasure the European first gets in his contact with American life. The earnestness may be laughable, but it is a sign of action, the glad hum of the hive in the sun. Disasters become "problems," "problems" get solved—of course by creating a dozen new ones. This is exhilarating, but presently one begins to suspect that having "problems" is the way of evasion. By transferring unhappy things to the problem shelf, the conference, the symposium and—in personal life—to the psychiast's couch, one has passed the buck, denied personal responsibility, and preserved oneself from the discomforts of facing awkward facts. The question "Why do Europeans dislike us?" for example, had become subtly transformed, when I was in New York, into something more soothing to self-esteem; the "problem" of anti-Americanism in Europe.

First you get your shock; then you turn it into a "problem"; finally you take a room in an hotel, get a platform of speakers, lay on the mikes, the notepads and the press. In a few weeks, a semi-official hippopotamus, *The Committee for Scientific and Cultural Freedom*—an organisation as obsequious and foreseeable as the British Council—was running a conference on Anti-Americanism in Europe. In no other country has the prefix "anti" such an obsessive force, I suppose because most Americans seek security in aggressive-defensive groups. There has never been tolerance in American life. The title of the Conference was both timid and truculent, both humble and complacent. It contained also the indispensable suggestion that there was a hostile group, devil or witch

undermining the genuine dream of practical American innocence. The circulars of the Conference satisfied that dream at once; Communist propaganda in Europe, they said, was behind anti-Americanism, and was certainly using it.

So several hundred kind, good, prosperous-looking people—many of them members of other societies with adjacent "problems" on their hands—sat cheerfully eager for the international mixture in the Waldorf Astoria. They were there to be alarmed, insulted and instructed and to make all of us Europeans on the platform alternatively ashamed and cynical by their earnestness. We pocketed the poisoned epigrams which Europeans habitually use on each other. We prepared our public faces. There is nothing so stunning and yet, also, so moving as the mass desire to learn. It is also deceptive: audiences like this know a great deal about their subject, more than many of the speakers who address them. The tone is scientific and German.

The organisers of the problem-addicts knew their public and knew what they wanted the conference to do. Skilfully they put the European comic turns on early. We would raise the laughs; the Americans would drive home the message. There were a pair of English M.P.s with the admired English ease—the I-am-going-to-be-brutally-frank approach and then, two jokes and a soft boiled egg. They were equipped also with our fast-moving rudeness. Looking back on it now, I see they were the Rosencrantz and Guilderstern of the occasion, trying to break down the anxiety of the 500 Hamlets in the audience, and they did little for their guilt. They attacked McCarthy, Cohn and Schine, the audience cheered; but that was simply carrying educated coals to educated Newcastle.

Repentant Imperialists, Empire builders who had gone out of business (as Madariaga once said of Spain), we movingly forgave, once more and with immense sanctimoniousness, the people we had injured. That deceived no shrewd American in the audience, who sat solidly in the wrongs of the 19th century. We were hated, you will be hated, we chanted. There is no gratitude in politics. Great Powers can never hope to be loved. All you can hope for is what we hoped for—at the lowest, fear; at the highest, respect for your virtues. What you will get is what we got: the cruellest judgment in the world—the disinterested criticism of people without power. For you are the next Imperialists.

That is a hard saying in America. "It is going to make it hard for me to teach philosophy," said a young graduate. America, living so heavily and comfortably on the moral capital of Europe, is now going through a real moral crisis: How to manage great power. They are Imperialists without knowing it. ("Would the speaker say which is the American India now?" someone called out. "Europe," said the impatient speaker.) A mistaken reply: American deliberateness, with its frontal attack, is soon rattled by shots from the rear. Incidentally, it is true that America lives on the moral capital of Europe, on ideas that generations have suffered and died for—but there is an important exception: the moral conflict of the Civil War.

So far, at this Conference, the European speakers had been overwhelmingly articulate and quick, negligently anecdotal and moralistic. Then an Italian volcano erupted. Or perhaps it would be better to say that an Italian opera singer came on and roared in what is surely the best broken English now current in politics. For many minutes no one could make head or tail of what he was saying until, in tremendous crescendo, and throwing out surprising names—Clive of India, Jeremy Bentham and John Stuart Mill—it turned out he was defending British Imperialism. He swept the audience to enthusiasm by saying that British Imperialism had been one of the greatest benefacts of mankind and that Americans need not be afraid of theirs. Nothing cheers up a congress, nothing relieves the obligation to have a problem, so much as an orator.

All this and a dazzling Frenchman, too, was circus work compared with the performance of the Americans at the Conference. The American approach to serious subjects is rarely allusive and not often witty—they are caustic and vivid rather than witty—and it is generally thoroughly grounded and four square. The first ten minutes is, by tradition, devoted to getting all the platitudes settled in; they have as it were to say or write the Constitution first; the manner was formed in the 18th century. After the first tedious ten minutes they can be laconic and effective. All the same—better in conversation, on this occasion, than on the platform, yet more to be respected on the platform than we were, for they lacked histrionic vanity. There was one clever and bitter speaker who had been brought East, in a condition of envy, from a small university in the Middle West. There (one is told) one meets "real Americans", with the American virtues made generous and the ineradicable American intolerance and wilfulness elevated to the state of the supreme civic virtue. This man said Europeans hate Americans at present because Europeans have a neurotic hatred of themselves: anti-Americanism is self-hatred, envy, jealousy, a suicidal consciousness of the failure and collapse of a civilisation. He said this was especially true of the Italians. He said that if a European likes an American, then that American is certain to be a bad American. We had to point out in reply that the Italians are a mischievous and subtle people.

This speaker was followed by a distinguished, conference-haunting poet. Conferences and poets enjoy an elective affinity in America. He arrived late, flushed and panting, from some other meeting with its last words still wet on his lips. He arrived with the spirit still in him. He was told he had ten minutes; forty minutes later he was still at it, like a self-enchanted evangelist. A wag on the platform set off an alarm clock in the middle of his speech, but the preacher did not even hear it. Entranced by his headlong pace, his strange lamenting vowels, his jumbled images, his pleasing waywardness and his remarkable Holy Roller whine, I lost his meaning until, suddenly, I heard him discover and denounce the Devil. Who else was this but that wicked magician, Mr. Kingsley Martin, who casts spells by the use of mirrors? It seems that when Mr. Kingsley Martin is writing about America he stands in front of a mirror making a Left-wing gesture. (The speaker enacted this for us.) But, in mirrors, the image is reversed and so Mr. Martin is really making a Right-wing gesture. This maddens him. Anti-Americanism in Europe (we heard) was largely the work of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The remedy? Unity—that old American longing, uniformity—that peculiar American ideal. There must be no political parties—I suppose he meant in Europe. ("Not high bread prices, not low bread prices; but National Socialist bread prices".) Who is this Fascist survival? I asked in a temper. Cool down, they said. Typical European exaggeration on your part, I was told. "He's just a peeping Thomist." Weren't we satisfied with the fuss we were making about McCarthy? Would we never remember that the crank, the revivalist, the circus clown, were familiar knockabouts of the American scene? "Politics," in the American sense of the word, is more effective than moral action, as we Europeans have conceived it: that is the technician's attitude to his enemies.

How did the problem stand as the cigarette smoke thickened and the afternoon became boring and sleepy? Where did this self-denunciation lead but to the usual result of confession: a sort of satisfaction. These people represented the American liberal mind, with its old-fashioned airs, its dilatory responses, its guilt about its own comfort, its nostalgia for the Thirties, its earnest desire not merely to have the facts, but before anything else to be *taught* them. One could hear the growing pains in their voices; in ours, an excessive anxiety to say nothing. One felt also the irresistible charm of American self-consciousness.

Outside the Waldorf Astoria, a slight, warm, smoky fog had settled. Like London, people said politely. A problem, the newspapers said. At the end of three days, Smog had become more dangerous than Communism or even Aneurin Bevan; adored and hated, Europe insidiously creeping in, in its cynical way.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Mint Tea in Tetuan

OUR car—one could hardly call that glittering product of General Motors a taxi—climbed up from Tetuan towards Chanen. The radio played Moorish songs broadcast from Tangiers, a maze of attenuated melancholy and barbaric challenge. Ali, the driver, wore a fur collar and a modish fez. "Here is Chanen," he said, pointing at a sombre cascade of buildings on the mountainside. We drove through the Spanish square of palm trees and cafés—up towards the Medina, which straggled up the mountain, past the mosque and the Koranic school, where children shrilled like an aviary of parakeets. Finally, we climbed on foot to the source of the mountain spring. "A place of great health," said Ali. "There are four gentlemen here with the average age of the hundred and fourteen. At least. Five years ago a doctor installed himself in the Medina, but left six months later, ruined. It was the same with a chemist." We clambered back down the narrow street, past shops which had small red banners over each door. "What are they?". Ali shrugged his shoulders. "Are they the banners of the Nationalist Istiqlal?" "In a manner of speaking they are," said Ali. "They have only been up a few months: it's the way the wind blows." He gave me a cynical, fur-collar look, the look of a man who had fought his way up, through tax-collectors' impositions and police fines, to the possession of an American car and family responsibilities. "Does it make any difference?" he asked.

We drove back to Tetuan. "Who knows what will happen?" said Ali. "Perhaps it may mean that my children will be able to study for careers. Perhaps the authorities will *have* to do something. . . ." At the hotel we packed, drank the inevitable mint tea and set off for Tangiers. Just before we reached the International Zone, Ali mentioned that Torres, a prominent Istiqlal leader, was staying in Tetuan. "I wish I had known that," I said; "I'd have liked to meet him." "It can be arranged," said Ali. When the police came for our passports he spoke to one of them in mock fury: "Here's an Ingles who suddenly wants to go back to Tetuan; a doctor there, he says, is treating him for diarrhœa. I must leave his friends in Tangier and then take him back

to Tetuan. They are incredible, these tourists. . . ." The policeman roared with laughter and motioned me to a café beside the police post. Twenty minutes later Ali and I were on our way back to Tetuan.

In the Plaza de Espana we sat and drank more mint tea, while Ali whispered to friends. An aged Arab madman sat down at the next table, shouting holy and terrible things. A bearded man, biblical and hawk-nosed, enveloped in a fleece-lined cloak, bent over him with stern, sublime mercy, drew out a cylindrical box like an exquisite wooden pepper-pot, and emptied snuff on to the madman's hand. He sniffed, was calmed, and muttered softly of the unseen. Hashish? The scene was gem-like, disturbing, the momentary lift of a curtain into another sort of world. Presently Ali came back from the other side of the café and told me that Torres would see me tomorrow.

Next morning I knocked at a heavy, scrolled door in the Medina and was shown up into a large, sparsely furnished room. A man entered, dark, of medium build, with a suggestion of a well of force. "I am Torres," he said, shaking hands and speaking in Spanish. A Moorish serving-woman brought in a tray with glasses, and the inexorable silver pot of mint tea. A few minutes later we were joined by four other men, all, like Torres, wearing European clothes. I was introduced. One man, tall and thin, with the burnt eyes of a poet, had lately escaped from the French Zone, where he had been working on the (now banned) Istiqlal newspaper, *Alam*, in Rabat. "For months I have been sleeping in my clothes," he said; "arrests are made at night, you see, and it is better with clothes on."

I asked this man about conditions in French Morocco. "The Moroccans," he said, "are concentrating on the elimination of native informers. As a matter of fact, there are hardly any left now. Most of the pay-offs occur in the cinemas. The proprietors, you may imagine, are losing a lot of money: attendances have dropped considerably." At this point another member of the party offered me a cigarette; he was the only one, beside myself, who smoked. His name was Bennouna, a slight, spectacled, whimsical intellectual, lately returned from lecturing in America. He spoke perfect English and henceforth acted as interpreter for the Arabic, which all preferred speaking.

"Up to now," said Torres, "the French have had most influence in North Africa. Now it seems to be the turn of the Spanish. Since the affair of the Sultan's deposition, Franco is committed to acting with circumspection in the eyes of the Arab League. And don't forget the 1906 Pact of Algeciras." "But will this circumspection really help the cause of Arab nationalism? Isn't it just a game of cards?" I asked. "It is a game of cards, if you like; but it can do Spain no harm to better our conditions. Spanish Morocco, in any case, could never pay Spain a fraction of the economic dividends which the French get from their Zone. Anyway, we are allowed to publish our own newspaper, *Oummah*, in Tetuan."

Then Franco, I suggested, would be glad to profit from a more or less permanent state of unrest in the French Zone? "By no means," said Torres; "that could lead to the spread of Communism in both Zones." I asked Bennouna to relay the question why the French, a supremely intelligent nation, should be behaving as they are in Morocco. At that the party burst into laughter. Then Torres spoke at length in Arabic, rolling his gutturals like gunfire. "Torres replies," said Bennouna, with a smile, "that the *colons* are not the French of the Sorbonne." "I have visited our own colonies," I said; and again there was laughter. I asked Bennouna about his tour in the U.S., and whether the American people were sympathetic towards Arab nationalism. "The people, yes," he said gently; "but then all *people* are sympathetic towards ideas of liberty. The world is now divided into people and spheres of influence. I doubt whether the authorities in America could be called sympathetic." The refugee from the French Zone informed me that a sheet newspaper was still being secretly published in French Morocco, demanding the return of the Sultan, the release of all political prisoners, and negotiations of the real representatives of Moroccan public opinion. Finally, I asked Torres whether he thought the Sultan would return. He paused before answering, then replied in Spanish: "the most important constituent of our religion is hope. . . ." I shook hands and left.

Ali was waiting for me outside. We climbed into the magnificent car and made for Tangiers. A spiral of *flamenco* twisted from a café door. A lottery-seller shouted, and the car radio spluttered a hymn of hate from Cairo. Where had I heard such a voice before? "Talking about the French," said Ali. Through the car window one could see slim white birds brooding among the tender barley, birds the French call *Pique-bœufs*, and scarves of clouds wrapped up the sun. When we stopped at the frontier post Ali jumped out and gave my passport to a policeman. They talked together for a time, and the policeman was roaring with laughter. I could distinctly hear the word "diarrhœa."

ANTHONY CARSON

Citizens in a New Country

A COMMUNITY of women will always have special problems but the Beit Olot homes, hostels for immigrant women to Israel, have more than most. The thousands of solitary women who have entered the young State since the end of the Arab war, are not homogeneous. Some come from highly civilised and educated circles of Western and Middle Europe; others hail from the ghettoes of the Balkans. Some come from the slums of small towns in Iraq, others from the deserts of Yemen, or caves in Morocco. There are fewer of the latter, because the immigration from the Middle East and North Africa usually meant transport of whole families. But behind each inmate of the hostels lies a past life with peculiarities of culture, of background, of outlook on life. Behind them are often the tombs of their husbands and children—sometimes not even tombs, but mere ashes out of the furnaces of Belsen and Auchswitz.

All the women have two things in common. They entered the State in the hope of creating new lives. They are all Jewish. But even this does not mean the same for all of them. For some, it is a matter mainly of religion, for others of nationality or racial heritage. For some, it is a whole pattern of existence, for others only a new awareness arising from persecution. These problems are the problems of the whole State, not merely of the hostels. But the hostels contain them in microcosm; and they have to be sorted out before the newcomers can take their place in the life of the country. So we have the babel of languages, the variety of outlook and past.

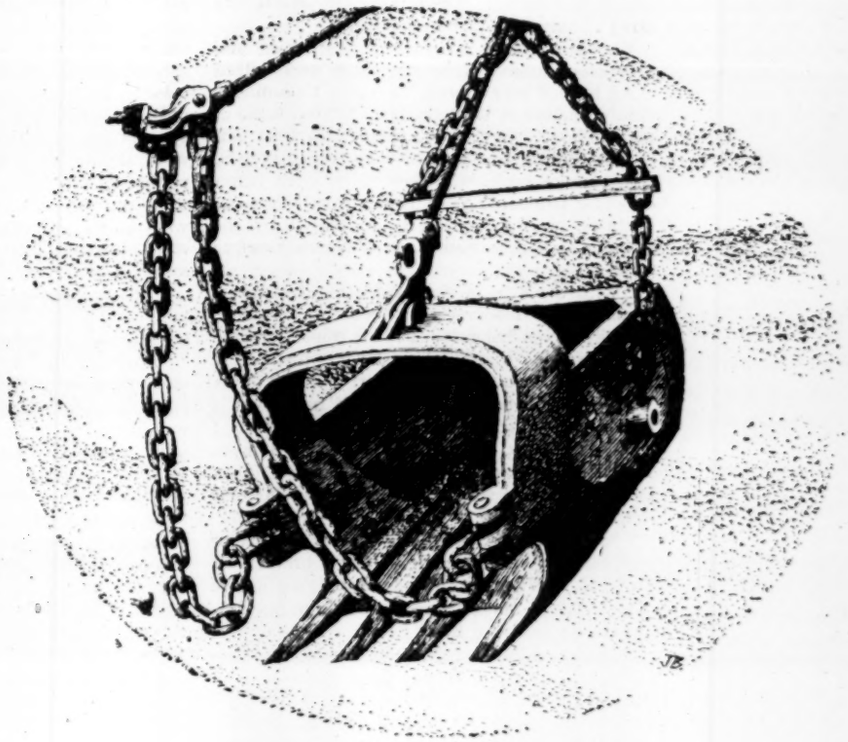
Five women share one room. For their private possessions there may be a suitcase, a small cupboard or more often merely a chair by the bed. The possessions are pathetically few. But to every woman that island of privacy becomes her only home. So they object to encroachment. They share cookers, and tables, sinks and small washing lines. They share the windows and the air in the rooms. The windows are often the biggest bones of contention. For the graduate, say, of Berlin University, is used to life under hygienic conditions and wants to keep the windows wide open, while the former slum resident insists on having them closed. There is the wireless, which some women like to have on all the time while others long for quiet; and should there be a general desire for music, tastes still differ widely. There are the problems of sharing and taking turns, of being part-owner and part-user, of adjusting one's individual life so that it fits in with the lives of the others.

Yet adjustment to a peaceful and friendly life is essential, not only for the peace and convenience of the hostel, but also because it is the first step towards assimilation in a new land. The women must learn to live together. Most do. Some adjust themselves negatively, by ceasing to stress discomfort and discontent: others, with more spirit make the adjustments in a more positive way and try to improve conditions for others as well as themselves. There are those who fight, quarrel and cry, but there are also those who plan and organise the comfort of others.

They nearly all go out to work. In most cases the type of work is new to them. The ex-teacher of German philology may become a factory worker; a musician, a seamstress; a housewife, a land worker. Many never before had gainful employment. Some are too old and spent to start new activities. But the organisation which runs the hostels tries hard to equip them all for an independent life. Hidden and forgotten skills are being brought out and given opportunities. Where possible, they are being passed on to others. Thus, a Yugoslav woman taught some of her companions to make elaborate embroidered slippers; and this led to the growth of a whole workshop and a new line of export—rope-soled sandals with embroidered canvas tops.

Slowly the women learn the new work and the art of communal living. Some of the younger ones make outside contacts and find a niche for themselves in the normal life outside. Those who are not too old and spent long to make personal friendships and, if possible, new marriages. The thing of which they are deprived, even if they are given food, shelter and work, is that most vital bounty of personal relationships. Those with families or close friends who can assist them in finding accommodation, do not enter the hostels. Thus, the inmates are mostly those who have lost all their families. Yet women need to be needed, to have someone to love, to be loved and to "belong." So they seek to find a partner with whom to create a new life, to form a new family. Out of their emotional vacuum, they reach out for warm human feelings. The work they are given is the first root which plants them in a new life. The personal relations, whether of friendship, or marriage, provide the sap which brings the plant to full life and flowering.

The women who enter the hostels are going to be citizens of a new country, to take part in the country's life. Until they have learned to



Iron Hands

IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CHEMICALS—as in the manufacture of most other products—a vast amount of time, money and energy is consumed, simply in moving things from place to place. In fact, one of the most important steps that can be taken to raise productivity is to ensure that as much as possible of this mechanical, unskilled, unsatisfying and expensive labour is done by machines—by "materials handling" equipment, as it is called. Such equipment not only raises productivity but makes a man's working life easier and pleasanter. In I.C.I., mechanisation and materials handling have been developed to a stage that compares favourably with any heavy industry in the world. At I.C.I.'s limestone quarry at Tunstead, for example, electrically driven shovels, capable of handling up to 5 tons at a time, dig the stone blasted from the solid rock face and load it into 12-ton diesel lorries. These carry the stone in a steady procession to one of the finest automatic crushing plants in the world where it is mechanically crushed, washed, graded and loaded into railway wagons. At no stage in the process is the stone touched by hand.

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fit in, to cease dwelling mentally in the past, but to learn in the present and look out to the future, they are, in the main, ballast. So the hostels have more to do than merely provide a roof and bed. Amid the bickering, the tears and complaints, a battle is being fought to rehabilitate valuable human beings.

GINA WATSON

Degrees in the Arts

THE morning glittered; a sun you could almost look into, hoar-frost, and no wind at all.

Henry, in light grey and dark grey and a studiously moulded hat, bobbed along on the balls of his feet like cork on a fillip of water. "A 'worthy'—every half-inch of me," he assured himself. "A 'character.' On a morning like this I really *am* a character."

Ambrose strode. He puffed at his pipe in exaggerated fashion because his mind was on very old maps. "A cherub in the top right-hand corner. Or, Call me Boreas! Puff!" he said to himself. "Puff-puff!"

"Why do you smile to yourself like that?" said Henry, interrupting his anecdote the more conveniently to poise his companion for the pay-off line.

"Am I? Did I?" smiled Ambrose. "As I grow older, I grow more careless. Or so it would seem. A serious handicap in our profession."

"Well—anyhow—as I was saying. . . . At *this* point, H. G. Wells turned to me and said, 'I've never eaten really *good* haggis in Edinburgh.'"

Ambrose took his pipe from his mouth to announce not kindly, but not with irremediable cynicism, "H. G. Wells is dead, of course."

Henry succeeded in keeping his voice level. He quite often managed not to lose his temper when he was sure of his ground. The glittering morning was a great help. "That's as may be. The fact remains that I still possess the cigarette he gave me on that occasion. It is a gold-tipped cigarette and it has the letters H.G.W. stencilled on it in italic capitals."

("That reminds me of the time I was staying with friends in the country near Oxford. Years and years ago." Ambrose removed his glasses to look straight at the sun. "Of course. There was one other guest. A French naval officer, young, who had served too long in the Far East. Opium. He was now convalescent after a course of disintoxication. Dabine, his name was. Last I heard of him, he was doing propaganda for Franco—broadcasting and so on. Christian as they make 'em. Gentlemanly as all get out."

("Ah yes!" said Henry to himself. "The casual little detail. The straws of verisimilitude. I know! I remember!").

"Our hosts had to be away for the day, and the two of us were alone in the house. Apart from the servants, that is. And something happened to Dabine. I don't know quite what it was. Perhaps he had a secret store of his drug. Perhaps his disintoxication wasn't complete. Anyhow, he'd locked himself in his room, and he began shouting and moaning. I went up and asked him to open the door. But—no. He couldn't, he said. He wasn't able to find the keyhole. And there was a message he wanted me to take to the Princess Eugénie. Not the Empress, the Princess. The distinction was important. Significant too.

"Something obviously had to be done. So I rang up the family doctor and then got one of the gardeners to fetch a ladder. Now in those days, you may recall, one was pretty careful in front of other people's servants. Particularly in a case like this, I mean. Discretion was clearly the thing to aim for in a very big way."

The pair turned a corner in this brown and prosperous suburb. The street they now walked along housed very thorough people; accountants, dentists, heads of departments. Behind some of the windows, they knew, there would be important eyes to deduce why they smiled or why they did not smile, why their shirts were better or worse laundered than usual. But Henry and Ambrose were so strangely translated by the morning that they walked on in almost carefree style.

"With the eyes of the gardeners upon me, I mounted the ladder to his bedroom window. Jauntily? Nonchalantly? I really think I created the impression that climbing ladders just before luncheon was quite a normal sort of thing to do. Though the weeding-fork in my hand was a rather unconvincing piece of stage property. I imagine I went so far as to hum a tune as I smashed a pane of glass with the fork. Then I climbed in and stayed with the poor fellow till the doctor arrived.

"Now the point of all this is that the doctor happened to be Graham Greene's brother. I drove in with him behind the ambulance to one of the Oxford nursing-homes. Quite an interesting conversation we had."

"*Tiens*! Did he introduce you to—ah—Graham?" said Henry quietly.

"Lord no! That's all there was to it. We just talked of this-and-that for twenty minutes in the car." Ambrose sucked noisily at his empty pipe. He was smiling.

Henry could not let *that* pass. He debated with himself whether to tell how Rouault had once given him his recipe for *soupe à l'ail* as a specific for even the heaviest head-cold—but decided on a different line of country.

"Apropos of nothing at all—*I* once had to clear out of my rooms to make way for Einstein. A beautiful set they were too. Best I ever had. But I had to clear out. He'd just got away from the Brown Shirts and they wanted somewhere pleasant for him to stay. 'But why pick on me?' I said. 'Out!' they said. Well! I used to walk up and down underneath the windows at night, and there he'd be, with all his white hair and playing a fiddle. On and on. And in *my* rooms. I was pretty sick about the whole thing, I hardly need say.

"Then, one evening, an amiable, still, golden evening, just after dinner, I went into the garden. He was playing at bowls with a historian under the lilac and the laburnum, and there was no one else about. As soon as he noticed me, the historian came over and said, 'Ah! Now *you* should know. Pray, what is the German for bias?' It would have been agreeable to do a little service for a person like Einstein. And how appropriate, somehow, that this one particular word should be in question. Even now I can picture light bending towards the sun like a good wood running round to the jack! But d'you know what I did? Ah me, ah me! I drew myself up and coldly, coolly lied. 'I regret that I do not know,' I said, 'sir.'"

"Ah me, indeed!" said Ambrose. "A pretty tale, I must say. With a moral too! Now this," he hurried on before Henry could expostulate, "perhaps might interest you. Like everything else—years ago. In Eastbourne. At the Grand Hotel in Eastbourne. One tea-time. There I was having tea with an old lady. The place was much more crowded than usual and a good deal of noisy conversation was going on. People seemed to know one another. There was some back-slapping and even shouting from one table to another. You know the sort of thing. But this noise didn't trouble the old lady I was with, because she was deaf. Very deaf, she told me. She told me something else too.

"I'd noticed that she hadn't any ear-trumpet or deaf-aid of any sort. And as she certainly didn't look at me when I spoke to her, there was no question of lip-reading. What she did was to lean forward and incline her head slightly every time I said anything. Do you know what? She claimed to listen with her forehead! She firmly believed she could hear through that trace of a cavity we have there at the spot where a Cyclops had his eye. She maintained that the eye of a Cyclops was merely one of three.

"But that's by the way. We hadn't been there more than ten minutes, and she'd just finished explaining this eye-cavity theory of hers, when two men came to our table. A short man and a very tall man. The short one had pink cheeks and rimless glasses and an American accent. He could easily have been a pre-war version of Harry Truman. Buckley . . . Brookman . . . Bookman . . . some such name as that. I forget. 'Bookman's the name,' he said, and held out his hand. 'Call me Frank. And this is Baron Frankenstein, the Austrian, the *Austrian* Ambassador. Call him George. And get yourself right with Gard.' Just that. Nothing more. Then off they went, making the round of the tables. Very peculiar.

"When they'd gone, the old lady leaned across towards me and said, 'Who was the tall gentleman?' 'He was introduced,' I said, 'as Frankenstein.' And do you know what the old lady said? She said, 'Good gracious! Good gracious me! Are you *sure*?' Now don't you think that was a most remarkable thing for her to say?"

Henry felt that it was his turn to smile, and with that tolerant pity that can be so enraging. "Frankly," he said, "no. Not particularly. After all, it *is* an uncommon name, isn't it?"

"Well I do," said Ambrose. "There was all this noise, remember. She was stone deaf. I had spoken to her in my normal, quiet, off-duty voice. *Yet she heard what I said.* To this day I still wonder if there is anything in her Cyclops theory."

Small Henry struggled against the onset of his occupational disease—that chronic suspicion that one is being scored off; and the more obscurely, the more obliquely one feels it is being done, the worse it is. He struggled and won. Chiefly because he had found a ready shaft. "The name was not Bookman," he was still, he prided himself, level-voiced, still level-headed. "It was Buchman."

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But the game got no further than that. Of a blankly sudden accord, the two men fell silent. They abandoned their conversation. They let it slip away as if it had been something tangible, a leash, the string of a kite, from their fingers. The gates were now in sight and the two men slowed their steps. Yet it would not have been seemly to dawdle.

At the same instant they thought of Bertie Moore, a mutual friend, an antiquarian, an Alchemist almost, who was now a Buddhist monk in Ceylon—but there would not be time nor even the inclination, now, to speak of him, to elaborate on any themes he suggested, to remember.

The rigid, fretted cube of the School was at hand. The shiny bricks and the grey mortar awaited them. The date carved over the Entrance was there—1905. The windows in their ranks reflected the morning sun as a glare into their eyes; and that quite arrested their spryness, their excursion away from the endless yet so measurable present. As they went through the gates, their voices and their faces changed. Their eyes became wary, the wrinkles and lines that would so soon be lightly powdered with chalk-dust deepened, their words came through thinner lips.

Ambrose looked sharply away from a boy who was approaching them in shyness, an offering of the year's first daffodils in his hand. "The toad Bates," he said, "Currying again. See you at the break, I suppose," he added in precisely the same tone of voice.

"I suppose so," said Henry, not meaning to sound sarcastic—especially so early in the day as this, at the very beginning, like this, of yet another day. "Yes. Yes indeed, cher collègue. Cher—adjective: collègue—noun substantive."

VERNON JOHNSON

The Arts and Entertainment

AUNT EDNA IN BERLIN

WHEN recently, in the prefaces to his two volumes of Collected Plays (*Hamish Hamilton*, 15*s*. each), Mr. Terence Rattigan introduced us to Aunt Edna, his personification of the average theatre audience, he warned us that she was a very unpredictable lady; and it must have been a worrying moment for the management of *I Am a Camera* (at the New Theatre) to know whether or not she—or anyhow the English branch of her—would "take" the verbal crudities of the piece. "Bloody," after all, even so many years after *Pygmalion*, can still be guaranteed to elicit its little shocked gasp from an English audience, provided the actor times the word well (it does so here), and "bitch" has been proved no less efficacious. But would Aunt Edna give this gasp—which is really a pleasure gasp at the public breaking of taboos—at, as a random sample from this play, "You sexy bastard." The answer, luckily for all concerned, was Yes. Yes, Aunt Edna can't have enough of it, and as the first act consists of little else but this assault on Aunt Edna's gasping abilities, together with a few jokes about foreigners mispronouncing English, success is assured.

Probably the person who had least doubts about it was Mr. Van Druten, the author and producer, for he is an adept at judging to a nicety Aunt Edna's capacity for "taking it." He knows just how far to go and how to compensate for the distance gone in any one direction, by the distance not gone in another. He is, in this play, adapting Mr. Christopher Isherwood's story *Sally Bowles* from the volume of stories *Goodbye to Berlin*, and if he is bold in reproducing the uninhibited language of the amoral characters of these brilliant tales, he is cunning in sentimentalising the attitudes behind them. He cleverly sees that Aunt Edna will accept the words, provided she is given enough loopholes for believing that they don't really mean what they say.

Thus no one who knows Mr. Isherwood's devastatingly unsentimental writing is going to recognise him in the author presented on the stage. This is an endearing, untidy young innocent, fussing about his health, sweet, charming and sentimental (Mr. Michal Gwynn reproduces this convincingly), whereas the "I" of *Goodbye to Berlin* was a much more disconcerting person with a capacity to see right through himself as well as other people. He would have been altogether less cosily like Aunt Edna's acceptable idea of a young writer. This entails a corresponding softening of Sally Bowles, too. She comes out as naive, self-dramatising, pleasure-loving, but absurdly, charmingly, endearingly so, which was not quite the original intention. Of course, this is partly due to the actress. However hard she tries, Miss Dorothy Tutin cannot hide an underlying sincerity; she is least successful when the character she is playing is acting, very convincing when her character is real. Hard, crude, heartless, it is impossible for Miss Tutin to make us believe her. But then, you see, that works admirably for Mr. Van Druten's purposes; for it allows us—we dear old Aunt Ednas—to forgive her everything she says and we needn't ever quite believe that she does what she says she does.

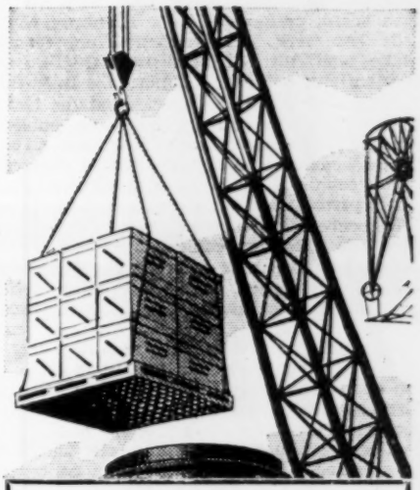
So the main point of the play is to exhibit the character of Sally Bowles. Daughter of a county family and a lost relic of the Twenties, she has drifted to Berlin in the defiant hope of a good time. Her brief encounter with the poor shabby young writer has an undeniable charm as we are shown it. She is always open to any suggestion, seeing herself at once in any part that is proposed to her, and she even responds for a moment to his suggestion of reform. But the next moment she responds as instantly to another offer of flight. In the second act where these voluble see-saws of feeling are on exhibition, Miss Dorothy Tutin brought the character vividly alive. She is an exciting actress, emotional, appealing, and fetching: only her voice, unless she can do something to iron out its affectation, is in danger of wearying us. The third act again steers the emphasis away from the Isherwood intention. We can more easily believe in Sally Bowles's origins when we only hear about them. To confront us with her actual mother, invented by Mr. Van Druten, is to detract from, not add to, conviction.

Those who enjoyed Mr. Isherwood's stories, in short, will be the least likely to enjoy this adaptation of them. The image of the camera which Mr. Isherwood originally used—he was himself to be the camera, its lens focused truthfully and indifferently on whatever passed in front of it—has been retained by Mr. Van Druten. But the pictures he produces with it are very much more comforting and good natured than the originals. The "touching up" has been skilfully carried out to blur any unpleasantness. Mr. Isherwood's Berlin was a place of peeling walls and no less peeling personalities, and behind the peeling was the menace. Every revealing detail of the original writing emphasised it. Mr. Isherwood's Berlin had affinities with Mr. Auden's Bristol Street where:

> The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
> The desert sighs in the bed
> And the crack in the tea-cup opens
> A lane to the land of the dead.

Mr. Van Druten tries to get some of this in. He doesn't burke, for instance, the Jewish issue, and the stamp of the Nazi jack-boot is heard in the background. But his congenital sentimentalism robs these minor incidents of any reality. The sense of reality, in fact, is just what is entirely missing from *I Am a Camera*. For Mr. Isherwood's original Leica, he has substituted a camera which takes coloured photographs, and the effect of colour in photography is commonly to soften all the edges and falsify all the values.

T. C. WORSLEY



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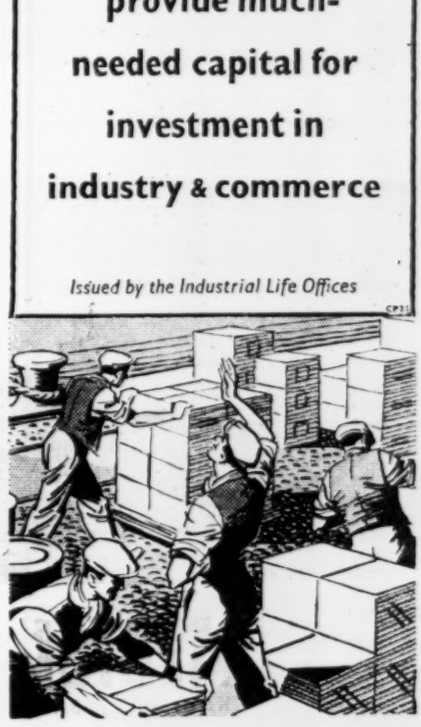

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS

SCHOENBERG'S opera, *Moses und Aron*, has now been heard, performed in the Hamburg Musikhalle last week and broadcast from German, French and Austrian radio stations. Two acts, each an hour long, are complete; the third exists only in libretto. The Dance round the Golden Calf, a half-hour extract, has been published separately, but no vocal score, no libretto, no more than a sketch of synopsis was available to listeners in this country. All the same, the impression left by the performance was a sharp one.

Schoenberg has chosen a strong dramatic subject: the head-on collision between Aaron's materialistic insistence on proof, and Moses' faith —blind faith indeed, since Moses must proclaim an invisible, inconceivable God. On the theatrical level the theme is effective. The argument is fairly conducted, and indeed Aaron is getting the better of it when the second-act curtain falls. But the operatic genre is that of *Fidelio, The Ring,* Carl Nielsen's *Saul and David,* works where action and music are charged with a philosophical significance whose contemporary relevance needs no stressing. Beethoven, who once understandably remarked that frivolous subjects like Figaro were repugnant to him, might have found that Moses and Aaron stirred his imagination. Since the Hamburg performance was not a stage one, it made its appeal almost solely on this deeper level.

There is no prelude: two short scenes open the work. Six sopranos, the voice in the burning bush, declare to Moses (a speaking role, since he is "not eloquent and of a slow tongue") that he shall lead the Israelites out of Egypt, and that his brother Aaron "shall be to thee as a mouth." The need of oratory to induce the public to accept new ideas is the second Motiv of the opera: it touches many points of applicability. (Was it fanciful to think for a moment of Alban Berg—"Schoenberg's best creation"—while in the third scene Moses complained with bitterness that his ideas were received only when transmitted by Aaron's mouth?) The second scene is a dialogue between the brothers. Aaron, a tenor, sees in Moses' invisible God only a delusion. But apparently he is willing to give the delusion a trial, for in the third, long scene we witness the three miracles which convince and rally the Israelites (the staff turned to a serpent, the leprous hand, the water turned to blood) carried out by Aaron at Moses' instigation. Here there is lively orchestral and choral writing, a wriggling snake, an awed crowd-murmur, and at the end cries of "Liberty!" and "Out into the wilderness!"

The second act is set at the foot of Mount Sinai. "Forty days!" mutter the people, impatient and suspicious in a passage curiously like in feeling to the opening of *Saul and David.* Aaron, the man of affairs, seizes command, and orders the building of the Golden Calf, round which a protracted scene of orgiastic worship is held. Then (an effect recalling the trumpet in *Fidelio*) a distant voice announces to the sated throng that Moses is returning. Moses thunders in a terrible voice: "Aaron, was hast du getan!" But Aaron's answer is ready. What, he asks, was the burning bush, what are those tablets in your hand, but visual manifestations and tangible proofs, such as you will not allow to us? Moses is assailed by doubt, and moved to utter *Sprechstimme* for the first time: "O Wort, das mir fehlt!" With a symbolism from which it would perhaps be unwise to draw conclusions, Schoenberg's music ends on these words.

Composers—not only 12-note ones—will in the nature of things write as lucidly and explicitly as possible for the theatre. Schoenberg is no exception. Proper discussion of the music must obviously wait; but on the strength of a single hearing one could fairly claim that the score is remarkably intelligible. The characterisation of the materialist Aaron (introduction to the second scene), 12-note technique or no, emerges particularly clearly; but we are seldom in doubt about the emotional, or indeed spiritual, content of any passage. The vocal writing—two main roles, a few minor ones, and much chorus—is effective; the sonorities are wonderfully beautiful. And above all there is a variety and vitality and shapeliness about the music which compels unflagging attention. One deduced, from the conviction of singing and playing, and from accuracy in the fragment which could be followed in score, that Hans Rosbaud's performance was a very fine one. The B.B.C. surely have a recording; they must let us hear it several times.

ANDREW PORTER

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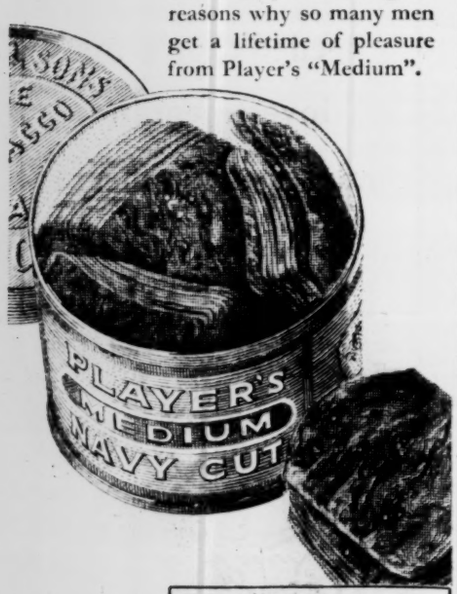

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[NCT 780]

THE MOVIES

"An Inspector Calls," at the Gaumont
"The Emperor's Baker," at the Continentale
"The Saga of Anatahan," at the Rialto

An Inspector Calls is one of Mr. Priestley's most ingenious plays, and it makes his best film to date. It was written "continuous," each act resuming where the last left off: the situation, it may be remembered, was a self-congratulatory family celebration broken into by a police inspector inquiring into a girl's suicide. Each member of the family is squeezed—in the bridge sense—to admit some responsibility for the death; and here the film, which strays off in flashbacks, makes its first mistake. On the stage the girl is only spoken of, and it is left in doubt whether all the confessions refer to the same girl (this would make coincidence more probable): the doubt is repeated in the film, but *after* we have seen the girl and identified her liaisons. Palpable contradiction, and it puts us into a mood of dangerous scepticism when faced with the snap ending—that it wasn't a real inspector at all, there has been no suicide, but the telephone rings, an inspector will be calling, etc.

The film-makers must have felt, when they got to this point, a little uneasy; because they have altered the end, and not for the better. Instead of just going away as he came, the "inspector" goes into another room without exit and vanishes from his chair which is left rocking. Why force this on the eye? Such tricks, it seems to me, can only come off if they aren't too much insisted on. Will the second inspector, we wonder, prove any more real than the first, or has this unfortunate family got into a serial universe in which guilts will be repeated and inspectors keep popping in through eternity?

Mr. Priestley's neat carpentry has suffered, it would seem, serious wrenches; yet *An Inspector Calls* is, on the whole, a successful film with solid characters and an eloquent plea for moral responsibility. Mr. Alistair Sim makes an angel of an inspector; he coos and smiles, gently insists, pushes across the awkward question as it might be the decanter, brings back the annihilating image of the dead girl on the slab. Good acting, fair direction (Guy Hamilton), and the convincing Priestley virtues do the rest.

The first Czechoslovak film to emerge from the Iron Curtain turns out to be a surprisingly jolly affair about a Falstaffian Emperor, a court full of quacks and alchemists, a baker who bakes delicious rolls and has constructed a *golem* or man-machine. The alchemical kitchen presents a wonderful spectacle with one master brewing an elixir that always, when wanted, has turned into the perfect floor polish or glue, another dashing a hammer on a stone and explaining that he is out to smash the atom, a third heatedly busy in extracting gold from plums. This last produces, in a film with happy endings, *slivovitz.* Upstairs the Emperor Rudolph II is trying to forget a toothache, to grow young and raise money, to embrace a young lady materialised from astral fluid, to decide which of his long row of Mona Lisas is genuine ("if we knew which we could sell one of the others as the original"); and a nimble plot reaches climaxes that would grace a Marx Brothers film. Jan Werich (also partly responsible for the script) plays the parts of Emperor and baker with enormous verve, and Martin Fric's direction, though rough, takes events at a smart trot.

The Saga of Anatahan has Japanese players, story and dialogue, is directed by Joseph von Sternberg, and is all about fifteen men and a girl on an island. One has encountered this theme before, if not in Japanese. Its unintentional self-parody mingles queerly with an almost documentary devotion that at any rate makes us wonder what Mr. Sternberg will do next.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LOOK AND LISTEN

How pleasant to be able to praise! The Television Service deserves the warmest commendation on its enterprise in so unexpectedly inserting into its advertised programme the other evening an excerpt from Mr. Ed Murrow's devastating television programme on Senator McCarthy. The Television Service was behaving as a television service should; and, paradoxically, the very fact that it was doing so tempered one's pleasure with sadness. Here was the B.B.C. showing itself, when it came to the affairs of other countries, a free agent, free to comment and expose as it thought fit; freedom to comment and expose was restricted only when it was a matter of home affairs. How much more effective, for example, the *Special Enquiry* documentary, *Roads Across Britain,* would have been if it could have been put on a fortnight or so earlier, when the Commons was discussing this very subject. As it was, the delay, over which the makers of the programme had no control at all, served only to weaken its effect.

But what else in recent programmes can one find to praise? Certainly the remarkable, breathlessly exciting films of animals in Africa made by Armand and Micaela Denis. Certainly, too, Mr. Aidan Crawley's last *Americans at Home,* in which Mr. Crawley interviewed a number of Americans on the threat to civil liberties arising

from the activities of Congressional committees. These programmes have had a massive integrity of their own. Apart from these two, frankly there is nothing one can wholeheartedly praise. One can only speculate and wonder why we have been shown what we have been shown.

During the last few weeks the bulk of the Television Service's activities, apart from those of the drama and variety sections, seems to have been devoted to the loving exhibition of examples of what Veblen called "conspicuous waste," which he regarded as the hallmark of "pecuniary culture." We were, I gathered from the tone of the commentators, expected to respond with awe and wonder; we were outside, of course, but privilege had very kindly allowed us to look in. We were not, I think, expected to feel envy; we were exactly in the category of rubber-necking motor-coach trippers who, having paid their half-crowns to the noble lord at the front door, have the freedom, on condition that they do not touch, of a Stately Home of England for half an hour.

Television's Roving Eye, with the whole of London at its disposal, took us to the "Ideal Home" Exhibition. We saw china and glass-ware; we saw a lady wearing £20,000—or it might have been £40,000—worth of diamonds; we saw Mr. Bill Duncalf having a drink of what we hoped was real sherry with this lady; we saw a gadget for removing the pith from grape-fruit; we saw a washing-up machine which will wash up in three minutes considerably more than our whole family equipment of cups, saucers, plates and dishes. Mr. Duncalf was quite honest about it all: the things we'd seen would be rather beyond our purses.

A few evenings earlier, having gawped *en route* at the Royal plat from Buckingham Palace and Windsor, we sat through two programmes devoted to what Veblen considered particularly representative of "pecuniary culture"—clothes. The first programme was summed up completely in its title, *Fashions for Spring*. The second, *Fashion Story*, was rather more ambitious, a documentary showing "how the fabulous styles of famous designers . . . finally become the fashions of the day." This was the most inept and most unconvincing documentary I have seen on television, and it is only charitable to assume that the Television Service has never done worse.

But conspicuous waste is not confined to material things, and Veblen has indeed been criticised for condemning as conspicuous waste what are sometimes called the arts of living. One sees the point. All the same, I would like to have had his comments on life in the University of Oxford as presented in recent television programmes. We began with a visit to Christ Church Cathedral, and this was well done, apart from Mr. Dimbleby's over-ecstatic commentary. We spent a mere two hours at the Union and could see that, everyone having been young once, it was no real disgrace for a prime minister to have been president of that institution; but the debate was decidedly not for export to the world outside Oxford. We saw an undergraduate revue, and this was more entertaining than most revues seen on the television screen. But the *pièce de résistance*, the pay-off, was our visit to Mr. Nevill Coghill's rooms in Exeter. You know how brilliantly dons talk over their port: that was what we went to hear, though the drink appeared to be whisky. There they were, Mr. Coghill, Lord David Cecil, Mr. Rowse, with Mr. Betjeman as their guest, and the TV producer to steer the talk, on Shakespeare, Hardy and Oxford. Admitting the difficulties confronting those who make and take part in such a programme, I must say this seemed to me utterly bogus, and embarrassing in the extreme, with the scout coming and going with the tray of drinks and the young gentlemen of the college singing "The Foggy Foggy Dew" on the staircase outside, to Mr. Coghill's well-simulated surprise.

The point is, there is a relation between a university and the community. In these programmes on Oxford, that relation was not described or even hinted at. We were presented with a false picture, not because what we were shown was untrue but because so much that was more important was left out. We were presented with a picture of privilege, of Oxford as a symbol of conspicuous waste. Oxford, in fact, is not that. The best comment on these programmes was Mr. John Seymour's *Illusion or Disillusion*, a very persuasive explanation of why Indians consider Western civilisation inferior to their own. I wish Mr. Seymour could repeat the substance of his talk on TV, preferably from the "Ideal Home" Exhibition.

WILLIAM SALTER

Coppelia, at Covent Garden

Martha Graham and Dance Company, at the Saville

Last week the Sadler's Wells Ballet presented a fresh and wholesome production of that amiably commonplace classic, *Coppelia*. The dancers themselves are so hygienic these days that one yearns for even the whiff of an infectious personality; but the up-and-coming boys and girls are refined, and one might well think the company was peopled by Mrs. Dale's children, in whose diary their worst actions could be recorded without a qualm. All this is quite all right for a smart and jolly *Coppelia*, with flashy new decor by Osbert Lancaster. The dancing of the two principals, Nadia Nerina and David Blair, was very pleasant, as was that of the company in all the classical ensembles. Only the dashing *mazurka* that should sweep round the stage with an inevitable thrust flopped completely.

Martha Graham is now almost past middle age, but she has at last come to England from America as the star of a company of bare-footed, expressionist dancers. In herself she is extraordinary, both as a personality and as a dancer. Tortured and shriven, she is rather like some masochistic saint at work on his soul. It is impressive work, but not designed for enjoyment. Her company often dances with beauty, but the style of angular movement, though intriguing, is too limited to sustain the interest for a whole evening. The music chosen to express such emotions as "the heart's darkness" or "young men glittering and sparkling angels" or Jocasta "facing and understanding the forces that moulded her life," consists of pieces so sketchy and lacking in rhythm or dimension that it seemed a wonder Miss Graham bothered with music at all. It seems likely that with a more advanced kind of music the technique might develop and thereby make the group less reliant on the individual genius of its leader.

A. F.

Paintings by Stefan Knapp, at the Hanover Gallery

Stefan Knapp is a young painter born in Poland and now working here. His paintings, one of which covers a whole wall of the gallery, are not so much formalised as entirely conceptual: their images of men, animals and fishes derive, like Paul Klee's, from a vocabulary of personal symbols: they have nothing to do with visual appearances and are deliberately purely two-dimensional. Some of the pictures are in oil paint, others in a new medium (offering marvellous possibilities for mural painting) that Knapp has invented himself. His sense of colour is magnificent. He invents the range and achieves the clarity of colour that one finds, say, in Persian carpets. His sense of design shows not only sensibility but extreme intelligence. One doesn't feel that he just arbitrarily divides up a canvas into pleasing shapes, but that every shape is obviously controlled by a consistent if unverifiable logic—as is every shape on a map. The "message" of his work springs from an eccentric form of pantheism. Man has evolved from fishes. Man may again become a fish. But Nature is right—really another variation of our contemporary Pathetic Fallacy. The mood of his work is ambiguous. Parts are absurd like Edward Lear, parts strained like Marini, parts enchanted like Klee, parts whimsical, parts expressionist like Adler—one uses these names for quick reference only. Knapp, whatever one may think of him, is an original. For myself, I recognise a most unusually talented personality and am quite incapable at the moment of evaluating his work.

J. B.

This week in

The Listener

The Great Powers and the German Question
TERENCE PRITTIE

The Problem of Egypt
COLONEL J. B. SLADE-BAKER

The Greatness of Albert Einstein
J. BRONOWSKI

Law in Action:
Public Mischief and Conspiracy
GLANVILLE L. WILLIAMS

Thirty Changing Years in Diplomacy
SIR ALEC RANDALL

Discoveries from the Big Machines of Modern Physics
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"ANTI-AMERICANISM"

SIR,—Mr. Paul Jacobs is rightly alarmed by the recent extravagances of Senator McCarthy, but I believe he fails to realise the extent to which the real problem reaches beyond the current tactics of that particular individual.

The fact is that the basic lines of attack upon freedom of political expression, and much of its intensity, had developed in America before Senator McCarthy injected himself into the picture in 1950, and well before Senator McCarthy became an important figure in 1952. Congressional committees had been stimulating and exploiting an hysterical fear of internal Communism ever since 1938. The sweeping loyalty programs, which now test the loyalties of perhaps 10,000,000 Americans, were given their initial force by President Truman's Executive Order covering all Federal employees in March 1947. The first prosecutions of Communist Party leaders under the Smith Act were launched early in the 1948 presidential campaign. A general drive to denaturalise and deport aliens began about the same time. The McCarran Internal Security Act—the most far-reaching restriction upon political expression since the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798—was passed in the fall of 1950. In the last two years Senator McCarthy has pressed these developments toward their logical conclusion, but the problem existed in most dangerous form before McCarthy and would continue even if McCarthy disappeared from the scene tomorrow.

Mr. Jacobs's inability to appreciate the long-term and more pervasive forces at work—unfortunately shared by many liberal Americans—appears throughout his statement. Thus he makes much of Governor Warren's appointment as Chief Justice after his opposition to the loyalty oath at the University of California; but he fails to mention that Governor Warren sanctioned the California Levering Act which establishes a loyalty oath for all employees of that State, including the faculty of the University of California, not very different from the original university oath. As you point out in your reply, Mr. James Wechsler did talk back to Senator McCarthy but he also furnished the Senator with a list of names of former Communist colleagues. Again, Mr. Jacobs's antipathy toward those who invoke the Fifth Amendment before Congressional committees ignores the basic significance of that constitutional provision in the Anglo-American system of justice. And his attack upon an "Independent Socialist" periodical (the *Monthly Review*) as a "magazine which has always followed the Communist Party line"—a statement which is not correct—betrays a general intolerance of views to the Left of his own and plays into the hands of those who smear the entire Left as Communist.

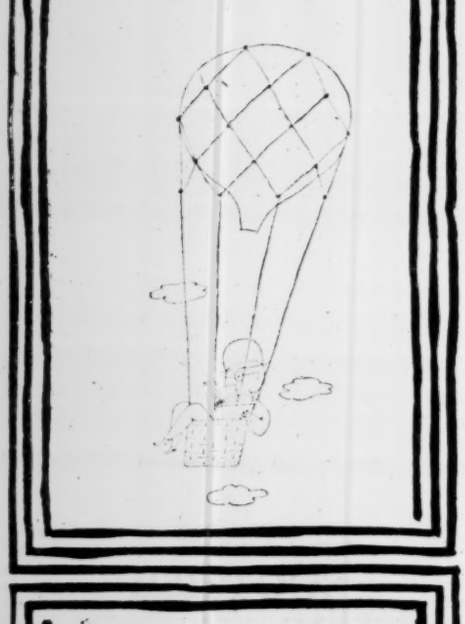
American liberals have fought the various encroachments upon free expression from the beginning and continue to do so. Better examples could be given than those which Mr. Jacobs produced. But unfortunately they have not fought with that unity or that single-minded insistence upon fundamental principles which the acuteness of the danger required. I agree with you that this is in large part due to their concentration upon the negative aspects of anti-Communism and their efforts to avoid—what would have been unavoidable in any effective struggle—the acquiring of some Communist taint in the process. The current fight of many Americans against the dangers of "McCarthyism" will be ultimately successful only if it includes a broad attack upon the whole apparatus of repression, carrying beyond the particular devices of Senator McCarthy.

My impression is that the British, in their present mood at least, understand the essence of the American problem better than most Americans, including many American liberals. News reports from another country, which inevitably concentrate upon the most dramatic aspects of a story, can never convey a fully accurate picture. Hence the details may at times be exaggerated for the average British reader. But the British concern that the whole complex of Congressional committees, loyalty programs, Smith Act prosecutions, Federal and state McCarran acts, refusals of passports and visas, treatment of aliens, and the like, is dangerously undermining the fundamental right to free expression is, I think, not essentially inaccurate. If Americans could visualise their reaction to present events from the standpoint of attitudes prevailing in America from 1925 to 1945 they would have some appreciation of British feeling.

I would add that I, for one, do not take umbrage at British criticism of the status of civil liberties in America today. More, although American attitudes toward Britain have always been ambivalent, and vice versa, I think the British insistence upon adherence to the time-honoured principles of free expression carries great weight in America and is an important influence for the maintenance of free institutions in America and throughout the world.

London, W.8. THOMAS I. EMERSON

[Mr. Emerson is Professor of Law at Yale University.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]



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SCIENCE AND THE T.U.C.

SIR,—Towards the end of his article on "Slave Electrons" in your issue of February 27, Mr. Ritchie Calder has spoken of the failure of the T.U.C. "to take full advantage of the offer" from the British Association to form a Joint Committee of trade unionists and scientists in the years before the war. His wording may convey a wrong impression. In fairness to both bodies and to maintain historic accuracy, may I state the facts as I recorded them at the time?

The General Officers of the British Association were approached in the first place informally by a group of trade unionists and scientists who were convinced, after experience of the Advisory Committees dealing with economic and medical problems respectively, that a Scientific Advisory Committee for the T.U.C. had become essential. Every effort was to be made to keep such a committee on a non-party political basis. The project was one, as Mr. Ritchie Calder implies, very dear to the heart of Ernest Bevin and occupied much of his thought while he was President of the T.U.C. and later during his Dominion tour; also it was strongly supported by many other prominent and far-seeing trade unionists.

While many scientists were favourably inclined to the proposal, the British Association as a body made no offer to take part in a Joint Committee. The Council of the Association, on being informed that their help and co-operation in the formation of the Scientific Advisory Committee would be welcomed, left it to the discretion of their general officers to advise and help wherever possible. It was felt that invitations to serve on the Committee should come from the T.U.C. rather than from the British Association. Thus the T.U.C. cannot be charged with failure to take full advantage of any offer, although Mr. Ritchie Calder is right when he says that the T.U.C. never made the Advisory Committee effective. The Committee was duly constituted, but had hardly shaken down before the year of crisis was on us. During the war, the T.U.C. was occupied with more urgent matters. In my occasional encounters with trade union leaders, I was assured that the experiment was only postponed, although it had become evident that increased interest in the application of science to industry had led to Government departments undertaking some of the work.

Nothing further has happened. Since the war ended the Scientific Advisory Committee has not been called upon to act, nor have its members been thanked and politely bowed out!

I should add that in the Thirties nobody devoted more time and hard work than Mr. Ritchie Calder to the task of bringing trade unionists and scientists into contact. It was pioneering and deserves our gratitude. P. G. H. BOSWELL

Dyserth, Flintshire.

GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—G. D. H. Cole's effusion on this subject is a piece of sheer intellectual arrogance.

As a reader of your journal for very many years, I have frequently been astonished at Cole's omniscience and the easy and self-satisfied way in which he can resolve the problems of Labour Party policy, however difficult they may be. An obviously hastily written article, often superficial and slovenly in reasoning, and the thing's done: just like that. Lord! how he pontificates! And, mercy, let no one recall how often he has been wrong—from Guild Socialism onwards. There are some things Cole can do extremely well, but policy-making is not one of them—as he should know.

What title has Cole to presume that he speaks for the "active" members of the Party on the question of rearming Germany? What right has he to threaten "our own leaders" to "throw them out," after, with gracious magnaminity, giving "them a chance" to accept his point of view. How very civil of him.

I have read with pleasure and benefit many of Cole's historical writings—that is where his talents lie; and it is because I respect those and reject his other pretentions that I end by saying: chuck it Cole!

12 Cunningham Court, LATHAM
Maida Vale, W.9.

SCIENCE FICTION

SIR,—Professor Lovell bases his estimate on a "random selection" of 50 recent science fiction stories. What a ridiculous approach! Does anyone suppose that he could base an estimate of the value of, say, the detective story in England by going to a bookshop and making a random selection: although there are many first-class stories in that field, this method would be unlikely to net him even one of them, though it would certainly give him a high proportion of "humdrum gangster stuff."

Leaving aside the absurdity of his method of getting "a fair index of the level of science fiction," one may ask what on earth is the use of such an index? The point of interest is not whether there is a lot of poor science fiction, or detective stories, or poetry, but whether some of it is good. It would be easy, though quite pointless, to denigrate *any* literary genre on the basis of the mediocre examples of its type.

Basing himself upon such a slender foundation it might have been expected that Mr. Lovell would have shown a certain modesty or tentativeness in his criticism. Not at all. He makes *ex cathedra* pronouncements which anyone who has read even a moderate amount of science fiction would at once see to be ridiculous: for example he speaks of its "uniform forlornness and hopelessness, ending in tragedy and futility." As a general characterisation this is simply untrue.

No, if people wish to pontificate about the genre it would be more becoming if they went to the trouble of taking a serious look at it.

However, there are many indications that even if Mr. Lovell's information and experience were larger his judgment would still not prove adequate to the task. The astronomical description he quotes from the work of Mr. Philip Latham (a pseudonym of Dr. Richardson of the Mount Palomar Observatory) may not be a very good one, but the implication that it would be a lot better if it were written like Wells's —"the great blue circle of the telescope field—a circle powdered, so it seemed, with an innumerable multitude of stars" etc., is nonsense. It is no more advisable to write pastiche of late 19th-century styles in science fiction than it is for a contemporary poet to compose verse in the manner of Shelley or Keats. But clearly Mr. Lovell thinks of literature as a matter, in his own words, of "literary refinements." Need it really be pointed out that most of our greatest prose writers from Defoe onwards have not had this Paterish attitude to their work, but have concentrated upon their subject matter, or that reputable styles exist, even among the most careful writers, which base themselves on cutting description and decoration to the bone?

Need we really have these pompous and ignorant outbursts, more suited to a Sunday paper attacking another one for pornography, every time anything in the least strange appears in the literary field?

10 North End, ROBERT CONQUEST
London, N.W.3.

HENRY MOORE

SIR,—What luck! Sir Alfred Munnings himself! Simply by his intervention in support of Mr. Berger, Sir Alfred proves a major point—which is that social realist art criticism and tired academicism in painting share identical interests. How truly fortunate that the extreme Left and the extreme Right should thus have embraced in public.

Your second correspondent, in saying that I hold "that criticism is invalidated by bias," puts nonsense into my mouth and—consciously, or unconsciously—*omits* the operative word in, you might say, this whole argument. It was, of course, "*political* bias" (perhaps I had better italicise the word *political* henceforth) which I said invalidated art criticism. Your correspondent thus evaded the entire issue.

Holland Park, W.11. PATRICK HERON

SIR,—What in heaven's name *is* all this about "social realism" and political bias"? I have, for the minute particle of interest it may contain, for some time been meaning to write congratulating THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION upon printing the finest art criticism appearing anywhere today, but refrained from so doing through consciousness of the fact that to do so would be to offer Mr. Berger a very empty compliment indeed, just *how* empty being shown by the two letters you print in protest at the first sane evaluation of the talent of Henry Moore one can recall having read.

Neither Mr. Heron nor Mr. Robertson make any attempt to combat your art critic's central thesis (supported with great subtlety and insight both here and in dealing with the parallel case of Graham Sutherland) which is, briefly, that while both these artists may possess the most admirable integrity both as men and as craftsmen what they so supremely and, what is more so evidently, lack is integrity as pure artists. For artistic integrity they substitute the most ephemeral obsessions: in one case a consuming interest in the growth structures of nature and in the other a passionate pre-occupation with the structure of nature's raw materials. All Mr. Berger has done is to appear belatedly on behalf of us all and declare that hitherto, i.e., until the present artistic era, which may be likened to a pyramid stood on its head, great artists have been the masters not the slaves of such things. GEORGE RICHARDS

Mount Pleasant Road,
Poole.

[We are only able to print a small selection of letters received on this subject.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"JOKER IN THE PACK"

SIR,—There is no "fantasy" or "delusions of grandeur" in the fact that the parents of an Eton boy who shows an aptitude for winning history prizes and reading French should want him "for a time" to try for the Foreign Office. It is a possible career like any other. The five lines and a missing name were added to my autobiography to indicate a conflict between the lavish traditions of my mother's family and the more cautious characteristics of my father's which complicated my heredity. Hence the adjectives "long-lived, frugal, obstinate, tidy." Incidentally it is not snobbish to recognise the existence of social distinctions, only to be dominated by them. Your anonymous author should try to graduate into signed literary criticism, for which he possesses a genuine aptitude, rather than scavenge for ancient apocryphal anecdotes among the rumps of Monkey Hill. CYRIL CONNOLLY

Elmstead, Kent.

HIDDEN CENSORSHIP

SIR,—A good deal of attention has recently been focused on official literary censorship. May I draw attention to another kind which is not only more insidious but more alarming because it affects works of scientific value? This is exercised by various bodies within the book trade.

A recent case in point is provided by Gordon Rattray Taylor's *Sex in History* which Professor Curle, writing in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, called a work of serious scholarship, adding that the attempt to treat sexual behaviour as a part of social history is new and urging that further work should be done to test Taylor's thesis that sexual patterns derive from parential identifications. This, together with the name of the editor of the series, Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes, makes it sufficiently clear that the book is of some intellectual importance and puts forward a thesis which is of public interest.

Nevertheless, one of the largest firms of booksellers in Britain has advised the majority of its branches that they should not stock it. Similarly one of the largest lending libraries in the country has instructed its branches that the book should not be bought except on the direct request of a subscriber, and that, even then, it should not be placed on the shelves.

Private bodies are no doubt entitled to protect their own interests, but booksellers should remember that their function is to encourage the sale of books. They ought surely to allow themselves to be guided in their selection by the recommendation of responsible critics.

59a Kensington Mansions, KATHLEEN NOTT
London, S.W.5.

"SAAMTREK"

SIR,—Christian Action has been asked to try to raise £5,000 to put the weekly South African trade union paper *Saamtrek* on a sound financial basis. Representatives of the South African Trades and Labour Council approached the Bishop of Johannesburg on this matter, and he has applied to Christian Action. *Saamtrek*, published in both English and Afrikaans, is fulfilling a very important function in the life of South Africa. Its circulation varies between 25,000 and 30,000 a week, and might be considerably increased if the necessary funds are forthcoming. Should the money be secured, the Trades and Labour Council would wish the Bishop to appoint somebody to hold, as it were, a watching brief on behalf of the donors.

The support of publications which educate both Africans and Europeans in the principles of true democracy and racial co-operation is a work of supreme importance in South Africa today; and *Saamtrek* is one of the few remaining publications which invites such support. I feel pretty sure that all who wish to see established in South Africa a true democracy will believe that the paper ought to be maintained. Christian Action has willingly consented to respond to this request for help and is anxious to make the response immediate and satisfactory.

Please help with as generous a donation as possible (earmarked *Saamtrek*) to the Honorary Treasurer, Christian Action Race Relations Fund, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4.

Christian Action. L. JOHN COLLINS,
Chairman

THE MAD HATTER

SIR,—The original "mad hatter" was Robert Crab, a seventeenth-century Buckinghamshire hermit, summed up by Lady Verney in these words: "In spite of his various callings as soldier, doctor, prophet, author, vegetarian and hermit, Crab would have been long forgotten, had he not set up at Chesham, on leaving the army, as a 'haberdasher of hats.' He prospered greatly, but he persisted in praying behind his counter, and in 1651 he sold his shop and all his goods to give to the poor, and after such outrageous proceedings, won the immortal nickname of the Mad Hatter." (M. M. Verney, *Bucks Biographies*, pp. 140-141).

Amersham, Bucks. A. MORLEY DAVIES

SIR,—The phrase is, of course, older than Lewis Carroll. Hatters were, in tragic fact, "mad" in the literal sense of the word. Mercurio nitrate used in the treatment of felt, made minor degrees of insanity very common in the hat trade. C. C. JONES

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Highgate, N.6.

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From Vicky's Indian Notebook

From India recently Vicky brought back a notebook filled with sketches of street life. We reproduce a few specimens—a street barber in Delhi; a scribe who writes love letters or fills up forms for the illiterate; a rickshaw, which in Delhi (though not always in Madras) is nowadays drawn by a cyclist; a beggar woman in Bombay; a young girl; and a Sikh boy just old enough to wear his first turban.

The Superficial Traveller

IF one is obliged to travel on business of any kind, it is said to be desirable to "get to know the people" and to "understand the manners of the country." To do this one rejects the services of guides and agents, stays in dirty hotels instead of clean ones, and makes such interesting discoveries as that the Spaniards are surprisingly Spanish. But the happy traveller is the superficial traveller; and fortunately the holiday traveller can afford to be superficial. He can stay in a comfortable hotel even if there are other English people there; he can see what tourists do see—that is, whatever ten or twelve generations of intelligent and observant people, in a good temper and out to enjoy themselves, have thought worth seeing; he can go to Switzerland for the winter sport or the lake scenery, and not the Swiss character or drainage system; he can drink the wine which is set before him and not bother to seek the special little vintage which is known only within its parish; he can ask for salad without garlic; he can eat eggs and bacon for breakfast and be sorry for the natives because they have coffee and rolls. Moreover, he will never have time to get rid of his illusions. Accordingly as he expects the food in France to be superlative, or "messed up," so will he find it; he will expect Roman women to be handsome, and they will be; he will expect the Sistine Chapel to impress him, and it will. As for his wife, she will perhaps expect to have her bottom pinched in Seville's *Sierpes*, and, whether she expects it or not, it certainly will be.

I have been travelling superficially for thirty years. My object has always been to keep my holiday environment foreign, and if it showed signs of becoming familiar, to go somewhere else. I cannot pretend that the wisdom of this course is my own discovery. I owe it to an accidental meeting with a more seasoned tourist than I. In my green youth I had sometimes advocated the removal of those restrictions and formalities which make some parts of travelling tiresome, and I once grumbled aloud about passport formalities in a passport queue. I was sternly rebuked by an elderly man who boasted he had crossed the Channel forty-eight times.

This casual acquaintance said that, despite Tennyson's deprecation of a cycle of Cathay as against half a century of Europe, the principal object of crossing the Channel was to go to China. He added, when I looked surprised, the word *metaphorically*. Strangeness, he meant, is all; and he went on to complain that, since French porters gave up wearing blue smocks, it had already become difficult enough to treat the Channel as a vast barrier ocean beyond which men might very well be expected to have their heads beneath their shoulders, or to enjoy their siesta in the shade of their own vast ear. It would be a pity, he said, to remove from travel such trifling difficulties as an ingenious Foreign Office can contrive, with a view to enhancing its own importance, but with the happy result of making it perfectly clear to the traveller that he has passed beyond the tediously familiar and that, stamped on his passport, is a guarantee that he is in the limbo where he is no longer a citizen and where anything can happen.

I recall that, during the last months of the war, I had occasion to be tearing about the Low Countries in a jeep. All barriers between North France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg were down and one drove from place to place without regard to nationality. I had then noticed a remarkable thing. Whereas, when motoring in peace-time Europe, countries had immediately and obviously differed from one another just over the frontier, yet, when there were no striped barrier poles, no police, no customs officers and no papers to fiddle with, it was impossible to tell which country one was in. This had the disadvantage that it was also impossible to switch one's mind to the appropriate ideas and associations. And that is another service rendered by the frontier barrier: one knows the moment to stop thinking in terms of thistledown *soufflées*, fine wines, the Louvre, Racine and Rabelais and "*ils-ne-passeront-pas*," and to start thinking, or rather feeling, in terms of *pasta* and fried veal, robuster wines, the Uffizzi, Patricio del Dongo, and the late Benito Mussolini, whose lynching the Italians of the lake district in the North refuse, with natural good taste, to discuss.

For similar reasons I am in favour of currency confusion. An international coinage, like an international language, would be dull; it would eliminate the constant mental arithmetic which sharpens the traveller's wits, and it would also eliminate the chances of occasional pleasant surprises. (I say nothing of the unpleasant ones.) For instance, I went to Lisbon when I was ten. I don't remember whether there was a revolution in Portugal about 1920, but at all events something had happened to ruin the *escudo*—or do I mean the *milreis*?—and a couple of pounds would buy the city, or so it seemed. There was just one inconvenience: the shilling which my adult companion thought right to pay for a shoe-shine would keep a shoeblack for several days: our prodigality became known about the café where we had breakfast, and thereafter our feet were not our own; we were followed all over the city by fierce-eyed little boys fighting each other for our custom.

On the ship which took me to Lisbon I became very friendly with the ship's carpenter, who made me a teak sword which, inappropriately enough, I lost on the outbreak of war. In the course of many long conversations, this carpenter, a thoughtful and experienced man, told me that the point about foreigners is that they are foreign. His teaching has been of use to me and yet I have come to modify it; *things* abroad are foreign; people often not quite foreign enough, or so I used to think until I realised that their familiarity in unfamiliar surroundings becomes an enchantment.

I have been back to Portugal: it is a country which exactly suits the superficial traveller; the more serious-minded find much to distress them. But, for the superficial, the rugged scenery, the "character" of the peasants, the magnificence of the capital, the charms of southern baroque and memories of Henry the Navigator, of the ships and men who first broke out of Europe for us, perhaps of the *Luciades*—not to mention superb bathing, tremendous wines, and weather to match—all make Portugal the right place for a holiday. I saw my first bull-fight in Portugal, but it was what is called a *comic* bull-fight—either a primitive, or decadent form—and no introduction to the bloody and mortal ballet of Seville or Madrid.

After I had been to Lisbon for the first time, I was taken to the Canary Islands and then to Madeira. Of Madeira, oddly enough, I remember only that they used to make massive wicker furniture which everyone bought and then did not know what to do with; and that (this seemed to me odd), *broderie anglaise*, which one would have expected to be English or French, was the principal tourist bait. But in the Canaries they had a way of coming down mountains which I enjoyed so much that I managed to believe that this was a general practice in southern countries, and not a local eccentricity. This was the famous toboggan, careering madly down a dusty and rather bumpy road in the blazing sun and only prevented from killing the passenger by a yelling man on the end of a rope.

The method of locomotion was strange enough; but by the time we were at the bottom of the hill the man on the rope was a friend and a brother; and, even had he by then turned, instead, into an enemy, he would still have been familiar, a European. Perhaps, beyond Europe, the rule does not apply; certainly I felt far more foreign in the United States than in the remoter parts of Bosnia. And in North Africa I once rode a camel whose proprietor and guide was

exactly like a man who used to have charge of the donkeys on the sands either at Eastbourne or Hastings—not like in face, but in his manners and mannerisms.

There was a similar experience when I was taken to see banana and sugar-cane plantations. To an English child it seemed improbable that bananas grew on trees. But there they were, and very odd they looked, and a source of infinite pleasure and satisfaction, as I stood staring at them and sucking sugar-cane, another delicious strangeness. Yet the gestures and motions of the wide-hatted peasants tending palms and canes were perfectly familiar and reassuring; I had seen them in Kentish orchards.

This pleasure of seeing unfamiliar fruits growing, and the object of familiar labours, has never failed me; in fact it has grown keener. My first consciously remembered lemons, for example, were in Corsica, so that lemons mean Corsica to me. The way to arrive in that island is by steamer—from Nice, if you like, but my choice is from Marseilles. If you are lucky in your weather and your steward, you may get your meals on deck; and, if you are still luckier, the Gulf of Lyons will not throw them in your lap. Corsica is the superficial traveller's paradise because what he sees at a glance is in fact the truth, although romantic, and not a mere appearance: the gun shops do sell revolvers and the Corsicans do shoot at each other from time to time, but not, for they are extremely courteous, at the visitors. For animal lovers the island has a population of magnificent donkeys which do not seem to belong to anyone, for any Corsican who wants to take a trip into the *maquis* seems to catch any donkey which happens to be about. A woman unescorted in the hinterland—not the sophisticated towns—is taken to be no better than any Corsican hopes; escorted, she is treated with slightly contemptuous respect provided that she does what her own man tells her to do.

However, lemons: in very hot countries I like to go for a walk after luncheon. If there are olive groves—the most perfect places in the world for going to sleep with a book open on the knees—I climb to them. In many countries the olive trees are interplanted with a few fig trees, so that refreshment is handy. But Corsica was hotter than I had bargained for, and when I came to a terrace below the olive yards, with a great cool tank to collect mountain water, an old apricot tree and a dozen huge lemon trees, I was tempted to steal. From this I was saved, appropriately enough, by a priest riding side-saddle on a mule. In the name of his parishioner, the proprietor, he invited me to help myself. I spent the long, hot afternoon looking over a purple sea, watching boats with scarlet sails, sucking sweet lemons—why do we not import them?—watching lizards like quick, green illusions in the cracks of the dry-stone wall, and pressing the scent of thyme and rue out of the coarse turf. . .

Lemons carry the mind to oranges, which to me mean the ancient trees of the Generalife garden in Granada, the Court of Oranges by the mosque at Cordova, and the Alcazar garden at Seville, where there is, or was, a fountain pool of ancient carp which come to be fed when called. I have been into Spain by car over the Col de Roncevalles, where Roland, commanding Charlemagne's rearguard, was cut off and massacred by the Basques; and also by way of Seo d'Urgel where, for the first and only time in my life, I actually met a man—the Customs Officer—who had read Feuerbach. I have also entered Spain by train—Paris-Irun-Madrid—and, *via* Gibraltar and Algeciras, by bus. It used to be possible, and (I believe) still is, to get to Gibraltar by, as it were, hitch-hiking on a liner bound for the Far East. A pleasant, leisurely approach; and there are two advantages of going into Andalucia by way of Gibraltar. The place is so horrible that even the pessimistic traveller becomes cheerful as soon as he is out of it; and there is a currency fiddle, though I don't know how it is worked.

The superficial traveller will find himself better off in Andalucia than in Castille, which is more suitable for the serious-minded. However, it is necessary to go to Castille to look at pictures. Andalucia, apart from mosques, old orange trees and the most beautiful and dramatic town siting I have ever seen, has admirable but, for us, unusual manners. Any personable woman must expect to be stared at all day long, and to hear her mother blessed as she walks along the street, or at least to hear cries of *Que bonita!* Beggars are numerous, especially in the purlieus of the great southern Gothic cathedrals, but one does not brush them off; if one does not wish to give alms, one asks the beggar's pardon for the love of God. It is usually granted.

Going to Jerez by mountain roads to drink wine and see casks as big as houses, such as Strabo describes, the bus was full of passengers who, instead of checking the insane driving by a protest, prayed most of the time. Wishing to be reassured, I asked the driver whether a bus ever fell over into the ravine. "*Si, si, senor*," he replied proudly. But Andalucians, and indeed most Spaniards, are like that. In large hotels, when the beef at luncheon was bad, my wife used to put it to the head waiter that it had been killed in the bull ring; this was always passionately denied until, in a very small town on the way from Andalucia to Castille, the joke, by now sacrosanct, was cracked over a steak which was, in fact, excellent. This time the head-waiter beamed: it was, indeed, true, and he told us the name of the matador. Incidentally, I have found Seville the most suitable place to see bull-fighting—the atmosphere is better than in Madrid, and the Sevillaños are kinder to disapproving or untutored foreigners than the Madrileños.

One of the objects of travel abroad is to create memories suitable for dwelling upon—exalted, sentimental, or comic. There are no disagreeable memories associated with holiday travel because the most untoward incidents are transformed, in the telling, into exciting events which can be recounted as anecdotes for years and will often confer distinction on the raconteur.

Such memories are, I find, best selected from brief and vivid experiences. There was, for example, the moment when the edge of the road fell into an Alpine valley, and tipped the car sideways so that we nearly went with it; that moment of architectural insight in Dalmatia when it became suddenly clear that the Palace of Diocletian is much worse than St. Pancras Station; the glory of an evening at La Scala in Milan—surely the most beautiful and exciting theatre in Europe and the hardest to get seats for—when my companion on that splendid occasion, after two pints of *Soave* followed by an evening of *Manon* among all that white and gold and scarlet décor, was so exalted that he afterwards recited *Ozymandias* very loud to an appreciative audience of spivs, in the Piazza del Duomo; the enlivening discovery, in that same Piazza, that there is a comic as well as a tragic Gothic; the moment of truth in the Louvre when one allowed oneself to admit that the Mona Lisa is not an interesting painting; the shock of revelation and awe when one set eyes on the Cimabue Christ in the Vatican; the incredible size and succulence of the soles in Belgian restaurants; the discovery that one still has tears and that, incomprehensibly, the Parthenon, or the lyre-horns of Tuscan cattle, can invoke them; the utterly astounding beauty of a winter landscape in Holland, the canals ruled dead black against the dead white of snow relieved by touches of vivid colour in the houses.

These things can be conveyed in conversation afterwards; others, longer in the experience, cannot. It is impossible to describe the effect of the landscapes of Andalucia or Tuscany or Provence, or the pleasure conferred by the peach and vine-hedged rectangularity of the Veronese countryside. Then there is the sea, shot-silk as your liner edges in to Bombay harbour at dawn, purple-dark and dragon-haunted round the Ionian islands, ice-green below the cliffs of Achile Island or off the Hebrides. No prose can give you its quality; nor the impact of the greenness of Kerry in April, the sunset-glow on Dolomite rock, the bitter-sweet smell of North Africa in the first light.

To the superficial traveller the first impression seems to be of the utmost importance, since he rarely has time to get over it. It will generally, but not always, depend on architecture and weather. But an odd incident can "make" a place. I recently arrived in an English city I did not know, and asked the hotel receptionist where to put my car. "We have no garage," she said, "but we generally use the cathedral." Although this turned out not to be outrageous anti-clericalism, but simply the name of a garage near the cathedral, it was afterwards not possible to dislike anything about the town. And since, as

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a superficial traveller, I leave my conscientious sense of proportion at home, I allow the excellence of the pastries eaten for elevenses at Chartres to make up for the cathedral being less impressive than I had hoped for; on the other hand, I am prone to allow the truculence of, say, a Dresden policeman to spoil a visit to that city.

There are, however, certain places which impose themselves at once, in which the rule of allowing the incidental first impression to dominate will not count because, however disgruntled by some untoward trifle the arriving traveller may be, he will soon be charmed out of peevishness. The Andalucian cities on their hills are irresistible; Florence, Siena and Rome captured me at once. Arles, Nimes and Avignon are in the same class, and so are Dubrovnik and Stamboul. Vienna and Paris just come into this class for some people, although not for me; they need to be known. New York is overwhelming, but I found that it put my back up by its arrogance—although it afterwards made up for that by turning out to be very provincial and "*petit pays*," and still as much a sort of country parish as O. Henry made of it. But Washington has charm and an easy, welcoming style.

Then there are cities which, if you are to like them, must be deliberately liked, must not be allowed to put one off: Madrid, Milan and Dijon are all very different examples of this initial repulsiveness. I had to see the Prado several times and sit for hours in the Puerto del Sol before coming to appreciate the reserve of the first; to go to the Scala and drink coffee frequently in the *Galeria* before accepting the second; to eat a luncheon and a dinner in casually chosen restaurants before realising the worth of the third. Madrid has eccentricities which endear it to the traveller at last; making business appointments for ten at night, for example, or dining at midnight; its climate is even more trying than New York's, but splendidly trying, going to extremes which give one the same kind of pleasure as record-breaking.

When I was very young and before I had admitted that I was too light-minded ever to travel seriously, I made a number of journeys, in Switzerland, where I happened to be, on foot. As a source of self-satisfaction there is no better way of travelling. In the first place it is very tiring, and when one is tired, one is apt to suppose that this is due to having achieved something. Great kudos attaches to pedestrian travelling. The traveller on foot is considered free to patronise those who use keels or wheels or wings, and the swifter moving always submit patiently to this patronage and feel guiltily that fast travel is not travel at all. This inferiority feeling should be discouraged.

Pedestrianism is quite unsuitable for the superficial traveller. Even the specialist, who wants to spend days with a picture, a building or, for that matter, a woman, should get there preferably by air. Intolerably complacent pedestrians can always be silenced by an accusation of hitch-hiking; in revenge they will quote Chinese proverbs about it being better to travel than to arrive. This may be true in China, and in a sense, as we have agreed, everywhere beyond the Channel *is* China, but for a Westerner there is always some merit in getting a lot done quickly and it is easy to keep to the golden mean by sneering at Americans one met who did Florence, Siena and Poggibonsi in half a day. Cycling, too, should be eschewed by the superficial traveller.

I have been familiar with the *Grands Expresses Européens* since I was seventeen, and have never become really one of that imaginative company over whom these great trains cast a spell. A very intelligent and, incidentally, well-to-do man recently told me that for him, the height of luxury and the threshold of adventure would always be the First Class Sleeper in the Stamboul train. I saw his point without sharing his feeling. Coming home from lycée and university, I used to catch the famous "Simplon-Orient" at Lausanne very early in the morning, and go directly to the *wagon-restaurant* to eat an enormous and perfectly cooked omelette. Even then I do not think I found the *Madone des Sleepings* atmosphere sympathetic; it intimidated me, the glimpses of gold-mounted pig-skin dressing cases as one went down the corridor, and the sound of voices used to quick obedience from servants.

Later, when it was a question of my own money and not my father's, I made twelve- and fourteen-hour journeys third-class on hard seats, in crowded compartments, breathing rank garlic and sharing salami, powerful cheeses, pocket knives and *gros rouge*, with the other passengers. It would be dishonest to pretend that this is preferable to a *sleeping*; it is one of those experiences which are all right afterwards, in the telling; when one has forgotten the grit, the sweat, the stiff joints, and the interminable hours. Being timid, I expect I found the poor pleasanter than the rich; but it is a kind of snobbishness to pretend that they are more interesting.

Trains, however, have this to be said for them: they constantly surprise you. According to the book, you are in a train going to Rome. But a moving train, especially at night, is as much in limbo as an aircraft. A jolt and clatter wake you from an uneasy sleep. You peer out onto a dark platform with rare, dim lights. There is a *cheminot*, swaddled to the eyes, swinging a lantern, and two muffled civilians arguing, their voices loud and hollow in the vast emptiness of the station. The loud-speakers boom in the void. They say you are at Dijon and are going to Domodossola and Milan and Rome. It means nothing, it is not a geographical expression in the context of your intention to get to Rome. Dijon—shadows and a gleam of light, in limbo.

Not even dawn, cold and misty, coming with the exposure of your nocturnal weakness, your matutinal scruffiness to the cold eyes of variously uniformed officials at the frontier, has reality. It is platonic, dawn as an idea but not in place and time. Not until the sun is up, and you have eaten and had coffee, is the train again back in any kind of time and space known to you. Then comes the surprise. You have somehow been moved into an entirely new world; where, beyond your window, were plains, are mountains and lakes; where was rain, is sunshine; where apple-orchards, vineyards. And all brand new, just unwrapped. A journey by train should always be arranged so that frontiers are crossed in the morning; the new country benefits by the freshness of the new day; the new team of stewards in the *wagon-restaurant*, the menu in a new language with new dishes . . . it is a pantomime transformation scene.

This sudden delight is less easily achieved when motoring, although that is the way I prefer. It has happened to me to climb up out of Switzerland by way of the Julier Pass and Maloja, in April, in a blinding snowstorm, as wintry a scene as it is possible to imagine, treeless in the higher reaches of the pass, nothing but barren rock and desolation. The mountains that morning divided not only two nations but two weather systems, and we came down towards Italy in hot sunshine, under a clear sky, through Alpine meadows where millions of crocuses were opening their cups, where we found fields of the purple-belled *soldanella*, tiny puce primulas and gentians of a blue incomparably rich. All this within half an hour of desolation and deep winter. Still farther south and lower, the vines were beginning to open pink-tipped shoots of leaf and flower cluster, and there was lilac in bloom everywhere. An aircraft, of course, carries this pleasant miracle to its conclusion: it picks you out of an arctic winter and drops you into tropical summer an hour or two later. For me that is too much, a shock not a surprise. I enjoy the intervening stages; but it's a matter of taste. Aeroplanes are for those who find it better to arrive than to travel.

It is not necessary to own a car in order to travel by road, of course: the motor-coach is comfortable, fast, cheap, and conducted by a courier—the Grand Tour democratised. Nor does it carry with it a bit of England; the driver and courier are transformed, they become French or Italian as they cross frontiers. I was standing in a village street not far from Sestri Levante watching Italian driving, easily the most skilful in Europe. My companion, no driver, was complaining that all Italian drivers are stark mad. It is true that they drive as fast as the car will go and do spectacular things; but, having mastered the principle that driving is an athletic skill, not something anyone can be good at without trying, they avoid the accidents we should have. "Look at that," my companion said, "Criminal lunacy!" A large motor-coach came tearing round the corner, swung out without slowing to pass a cart, avoided three children and some dogs by precise steering, and tore past us tooting triumphantly, Italianly, displaying the name of a Road Traction Company well known to both of us in South-Eastern England.

I have heard motorists who claim that they would like to "take the car," but fear it is too old. I have driven over most of Europe in ancient cars. In Spain, in the Thirties, we had an old Sunbeam—it cost £80 to buy—and although it frequently needed minor attentions, I hardly ever touched it: Spaniards love messing about with engines. In the main street of Toledo an amateur

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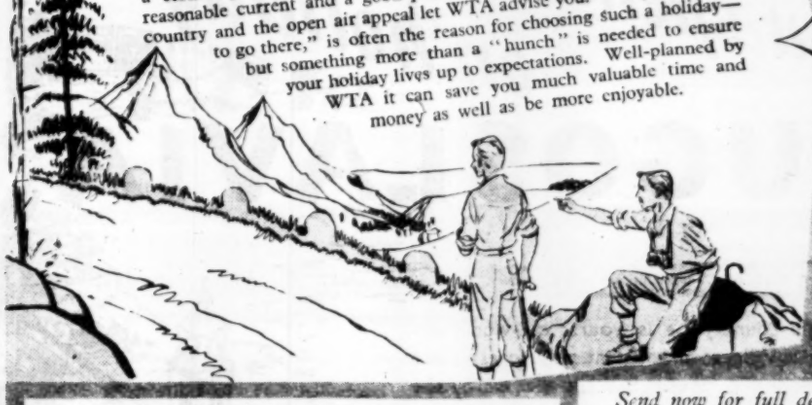

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mechanic of talent stripped the carburettor, cleaned it, and put it back; he refused payment, accepted a drink, and later introduced us to the local Communist Party headquarters, in a café, where we got very drunk and, with clenched fist raised, condemned half a dozen Fascist leaders to death with loud cries. It seemed amusing at the time: a year later it looked rather different. On another occasion, somewhere in the Pyrenees, at a village with a name full of z and t in awkward association, we broke the universal joint of the transmission system. There was no garage for twenty miles, but blacksmith and saddler made a new joint, which outlasted the car.

Latin mechanics are better than ours at jury-rigging, and in Italy especially repairs are quick and cheap and ingenious. In France and Austria the possession of an old car is not disgraceful although it is not, as in England, a merit. In Italy I found that, when driving an old car, I had to put up with a certain amount of good-natured contempt. One garage, having greased the car, declined to wash it, although it was encrusted with the mud of a thousand miles, on the grounds that "it was not worth it." In Florence I have had a flat tyre removed, repaired and replaced in under eight minutes, for which I was charged four shillings.

As a European motorist I have also found it necessary to know how to ask the way. In Germany, it is a mistake to ask the police: they are professionally rude and unhelpful. In Spain the policeman is likely enough to leave his point and ride with you until you are on your road. In Italy a complete ignorance of Italian is no disadvantage. You name your destination and the policeman conveys exact instructions by means of gestures: it is incredible what an Italian policeman can convey with his hands. The Italian police are quite as polite as our own and much better looking.

In Pisa, arriving late on a Sunday evening, we drove very slowly, through milling crowds of pedestrians, along what appeared to be the main street, uneasy at the absence of wheeled traffic. A policeman stopped us. On Sunday evenings, we were told, this street was closed to all but pedestrians, who liked to stroll in it. We had incurred a fine and must pay. I took out my wallet, praised the rule, explained that we were English and had not seen the notice. With a charming smile and a smart salute, the fine was waived. French police become very excited if one happens to go the wrong way of a *sens unique*; the Italians simply shrug and sort out the muddle with that calm which distinguishes the gondoliers of Venice when the boats and gondolas get into a muddle on the Grand Canal. Spanish police do not expect any road rules to be kept and could not care less. The Swiss are, on the contrary, rigid disciplinarians. Heaven help the motorist who sounds his horn in Zurich, unless to save life!

Motor travel is a compromise between train and feet. One does not see more from a car, but it is possible to stop the car and look at what one does see . . . and perhaps one does see more after all. A lizard orchid in bloom under a hedge in the Dordogne, for example; one would hardly have noticed that from a train. And you cannot stop the train to have time to visit the baroque church, the waterfall, the old Roman theatre. Moreover, the motorist can take cross-country routes. We drove from Fréjus to Lascaux, where we wished to spend a couple of days with the cave-paintings—one of the great, unforgettable travel moments, the first sight of those great bulls—and we drove by way of valleys which, for mile after mile, hour after hour, were white with narcissus and coloured with a hundred other flowers. We always ate a picnic lunch—bread, butter, charcuterie, cheese, fruit and wine—and if we saw a coppice full of lilies-of-the-valley, there we could stop and eat.

But if there are places one enjoys getting to, and for which the car is the perfect vehicle, there are others which one enjoys *being at* only; and for them the aeroplane was invented, and notably for those who dislike travel but like foreign parts. I came to flying by way of private aviation, as a sport, and it was some time before it occurred to me that the aircraft is the perfect means of getting from A to B. But flying should not be confused with travelling: it is translation; you were here, you are there, and meanwhile nothing has happened, time has hardly passed. Soon now, however, the aircraft should make available to the traveller delightful places in which to be amused and pleased; places, I mean, beyond reach of other vehicles. Why not a holiday in the Chumbi

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Valley? Winter sports in the Himalayas? Fares will have to be lower, of course, but the only justification of the aeroplane, which has a lot of bad behaviour to make up for, will be that bringing of remote and lovely places within our reach.

The superficial traveller with sufficient holiday time and money and every means of locomotion at his disposal but, if he is conscientiously superficial, no strong preferences, is confronted by an embarrassment of choice. Why not Finland? Or Cyprus? Or Israel? No reason at all. It is therefore a good plan, I find, to keep one or more places in reserve. Of these places one pretends that that is where one will go next year; but always next year. One dwells on the prospect, one has the pleasure of long anticipation. The method is borrowed from one of the tricks of reading-addicts: there are certain books which, in theory, he wants to read but in practice he finds very dull and tiresome. . . *Tristam Shandy*, perhaps, or *Das Kapital* or *Urn Burial*. He buys the books and puts them on his shelves. From time to time he takes them down and says "I'll read that next." Probably he never reads the books. So with reserved places to travel to: the journey is planned and replanned and the visit anticipated with pleasure. But it is for ever postponed, and thus considerable regions of the world which from time to time nag the traveller—"What about *me*?"—are neutralised, as it were.

It is a mistake, which I made myself, to choose for this purpose places which one really would like to visit. It is wiser to choose places to which, for some reason or other, one feels one should go some time, but which do not really attract. I once had Venice as a reserve place and then took it off the list and went there; but by that time I had created a Venice of my own, by long anticipation and reading. It is with travel as with love: the imagination of the average sensual man is superior to nature and to architects in creating places as in creating women. I had the misfortune of finding that the facade of St. Marks looks perfectly absurd in the context of its own Piazza. Since that mistake I have been careful to choose places I have no intention of going to, as places to which to look forward with pleasure. The others, the ones I am going to, can then sneak up on me, as it were, and come as a surprise.

EDWARD HYAMS

Also in Arcady

O HAPPY, silver-spoon-in-the-mouth Hyams! Having read your praise of Superficial Travel, with the map of Europe tantalisingly open on the table, I envy you not simply the paternal bank account which gave you that precocious familiarity with "Simplon-Orient" breakfasts—and you must have bribed the chef heavily to get omelettes at so unseemly an hour—nor yet the ripe touristic philosophy which you later, less extravagantly, acquired. *Et ego* . . . My jealousy springs from your infernal youth. Weaned, so you let us infer, around 1910, you are too young to savour fully the bitterness of the Great Shrinkage—the emaciation of those Edwardian pounds which we, born in the Nineties, are old enough to have carried abroad, chinking sweetly, in our passportless pockets.

They went such a long way, those golden sovereigns. Ten of them financed me, as a schoolboy, from the Clyde to Canada and back—thirsty emigrants outwards, thirsty cattle homeward-bound. For three shillings a day, in the Easter holidays, an ore-ship would take me to Huelva. Thence, for one casually changed gold coin, while the ship worked cargo, the road was open to Seville, the Sunday *corrida*, and the beginning of an *aficion* which drew me, again and again, to watch Belmonte breathlessly in his early, greatest days. And, for fifty shillings, I once spent a whole fortnight in Belgium, nearly like a young *milord*—though I ought perhaps to add that, through over-confidence in my 16-year-old skill at *bellotte*, I had to employ myself "gainfully" for the last three days, waiting at Antwerp for the Leith steamer. (Board was earned by helping the waiter and singing a few songs in an "*ouvert la nuit*" Bar, of which my mother would not have approved; and bed was provided by the plump, young Flemish pianiste, a kind lass who taught me more of the humanities than my Lower-Sixth master in Edinburgh.) *Nessun maggior dolore*: you, my enviable Edward, may have had your gastronomic frustrations, have been cribbed and cabined by T-forms; but you have at least been spared the gnawing memory of a pre-1914 Paris, which offered gargantuan *bistro* meals, round Les Halles, for Frs. 1.50, *vin compris*.

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There was, of course, a brief recapturing, in the Twenties, of the illusion that Britons had the prescriptive right to enjoy cheap holidays at foreigners' expense. In the currency chaos which was part of the price paid for making the world safe for democracy, one could have more fun with (still comfortably solid) sterling than having one's shoes waxed in Lisbon ten times a day. Leave aside the crazy period in Berlin, when waiters in Horcher's ran round between courses doubling prices on the menu, and you could drink *Jesuitengarten* at a profit in your bedroom if you sold the bottle next morning; in those days, even with a slender sterling bank-balance, one could acquire the memory of great meals—*chez* Burtin in Mâcon, the Chapon Fin in Bordeaux, the Pyramides on the Rhone, Biffi, Ulpian, Sacher, or Lapérouse or Frederick's, before the Yankees came—without that humiliating need to study wistfully in advance the price of each item on the bill of fare.

One modest traveller's cheque in those illusory Twenties once carried me, by a succession of small ships, all the way from Trieste, past Zara (where every Slav on board spat in the sea towards the Italian flag) to the honeyed walls of Dubrovnik, to Valona, Corfu, Athens—where one must be a little tight to enjoy the Parthenon and anyway there was a revolution and my only hairbrush was split by a machine-gun burst through the hotel window—and on to the Golden Horn. My travelling companions were a corpulent German espionage agent (who took me, unexpectedly, to tea with King Zog) and a lovely, civilised Franciscan, who persuaded me—an amicable neutralism declared about God—to accompany him from Stamboul to Broussa. There, for the sake of an Anatolian blue-tiled mosque, we endured an inn kept then by a formidable Hanoverian, Frau Brot, whose bedbugs were the biggest, most voracious I ever met. My Franciscan friend, recruiting four Italian archæologists also installed *chez* Brot, organised a nightly *concurrence* with big hat-pins—scores counted at breakfast. (Being the only good Catholic among us, he always won). And all those leisurely weeks—not to mention that indefensible deviation in Pera with a White emigrée from Odessa—for twenty pounds or less.

Well, well, my dear Edward. The poor pound today has shrivelled shanks, you will agree. The mere word *anglais* is enough to rout the most esurient vendor of feelthy postcards, so widespread is the fame of British penury; and, *Consule Butler*, nobody can afford long trips abroad unless he be a privileged Sales Representative. So, now that we are once more paying for the renewed safety of democracy and Dr. Schacht, I find you urging that time, precious in terms of Travellers' Allowances, must be saved; you praise Air for the Superficial Traveller. It has its points, I agree. Indeed, this summer, having promised my children their first Mediterranean holiday, I shall probably try to manage, *par système D*, that effortless method of arriving. So—Orly, Marignane, Campo del Oro: as the narrow sea, the towers of St. Denis, Rhone, Camargue and Gulf of Lyons slide below us in a swift, silent, insignificant ribbon, the children will tell me of "variable pitch" and other things I cannot understand, and I shall placidly munch lobster-salad and wonder whether it is because of the mayonnaise, or because I once knew and liked St. Exupéry, that I always travel by his line. Between drinks, as it were, we shall be coming down on The Island.

Admirable economy of time. Yet somehow, I insist—and I suspect, *mon cher* Hyams, that you in your heart agree—something will have been missing. Though I, too, was never hypnotised by Maurice Dekobra's *Kitsch*, I have always loved trains nearly as much as ships. I still can't see those magic name-boards (Paris-Torino-Roma: Paris-Nurnberg-Praha-Bohumin-Warsaw) all enchanting the Gare de Lyon without a heart-throb that recalls my first sleeper-trip, in 1913, to Rome, where I tutored a rich young American in the draughty magnificence of a top floor on the Via Porta Pinciana, and there was snow on Soracte and our wine was siphoned daily into flagons from barrels dragged from door to door on a hand-cart by two fat little men—much as Guinness, in my childhood, used to be left, like milk, on Dublin doorsteps. And in Verona, have I ever got as great a kick from Juliet's Tomb as from the sight of coaches in the railway station romantically labelled "Brenner-Copenhagen"? But that is not my point. What I mean is that to begin a holiday by boat or long-distance train is to have the bliss of knowing that, for so and so many hours or days, you are immune from the world of telegrams and anger: nobody, no dearest damnedest friend, can ring you up.

Freudian? My dear Edward, you have read too much. All I know is that in your bunk, as you cruise up the Minch, or from fjord to fjord towards Stavanger, or drowsily past Cape St. Vincent—and even in your sleeper as you trundle the long miles to Positano or Taormina, or the more Nordic delights of Austrian Alps—you are not merely on a journey: you are in a private, and priceless, inviolability. It is restful. And, whether your idea of relaxation is baking your skin on the Costa Brava or at Sestri Levante, "surfing" in Les Landes, tramping the lonely Norwegian uplands, fishing in Slovenia, or barking your shins on the hard spines of the Aiguilles or Monte Cristallo, what else are holidays for?

And so, my Superficial and scholarly confrère, now that I have exploited the chance to put a disreputable elderly gloss on your (more or less) respectable manuscript, shall we call a truce, make a pact? Join me here over the map of Europe: we have seen much, long to see more. Shall we, being poor, knowledgeable, wine-loving, reassuringly grey-bearded and (I suppose) moderately *bien élevés*, advertise ourselves jointly as Specialist Guides for Young Persons? Or do you think that even my dear, tolerant Franciscan—if he be still alive—would regard that as being perhaps just a little bit too thick?

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EVERY year new festivals spring up, until we can hardly hack our way through the wood for the trees; but persistence reveals a few promising-looking paths through the jungle of Europe's summer culture, and what follows may serve to signpost some of them. (The reader should be warned that the arrangements of almost any festival organisation are strictly provisional.)

First of all come the big central European festivals where the main emphasis, traditionally it seems, is on the operas of Mozart and Richard Strauss. Vienna (May 29-June 20) can put on a series of operas justly labelled "from Baroque to modern times" without stepping outside their repertory; it includes no fewer than six by Strauss. At the same time there is a series of choral concerts and concert performances which goes well outside the familiar rut with Boris Blacher's *Hamlet*, Hartmann's year-old *Simplizius Simplizissimus*, Hindemith's *Orfeo*, Berg's *Lulu* and Milhaud's *Christophe Colombe* (which can be seen as well as heard in Paris). Beside this Munich seems rather conservative with its nourishing diet of Mozart, Strauss and Wagner (Aug. 12-Sept. 9), but the prospect of a new production of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* is exciting; *Così, Entführung, Don Giovanni* and *Figaro* are all being given, as well as the *Ring* (once) and *Meistersinger*. Zurich (June) is in the same market with six Strauss operas, in four of which della Casa is to appear. As additional attractions the city offers symphony concerts and a remarkable selection of dramatic companies: the Old Vic (*Twelfth Night*) the Comédie Française (*Bérénice*), the Piccolo Teatro of Milan (Goldoni's *La Vedova Scaltra*) and the local company with Maria Becker in Kleist's *Penthesilea*—each in its own language. At Salzburg (July 25-Aug. 30) only the opera programmes have yet been announced: *Così, Don Giovanni* and Strauss's *Ariadne*, with a new opera, *Penelope*, by Rolf Liebermann (the composer of *Leonore 40/45*) and what promises to be one of the rare good performances of *Der Freischütz*. At Bayreuth (July 22-Aug. 22) there are to be performances of *Tannhäuser, Lohengrin* and *Parsifal* in addition to two of the *Ring*.

But mention of Bayreuth brings us to the smaller German festivals, for there is a Bayreuth Baroque Festival (May 24-30), which tends to be overshadowed by its big brother. The main attraction here is the chance of hearing the Munich Opera's *Così and Entführung* in the

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lavish rococo theatre designed by Galli Bibiena in 1744. Earlier, right at the beginning of the season, in fact, Wiesbaden is putting on a very enterprising programme of operas: Handel's *Giulio Cesare* and the Mozart can be heard later at Vienna (see above), but the local company are doing Janaček's *Totenhaus*—very much a collector's item. The Florence opera will be performing Verdi, Donizetti and Bellini, and if you missed *Grimes* at the Garden you can hear it as well; among other plays Bernanos' moving *Dialogues des Carmélites* is on the list. For anyone who wants to take a festival holiday in May Wiesbaden seems a good idea.

Two more of the smaller German festivals call for mention, each of them with a week of more specialised fare. At Ludwigsburg, just north of Stuttgart, there is a week of Mozart (July 3-11), including *La Clemenza di Tito* in the magnificent baroque theatre of the castle. Performers in the chamber-scale concerts (this festival avoids the slightly bloated look that some acquire) include the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, members of the Vienna Philharmonic and the Amadeus Quartet. The other particularly promising small festival is Ansbach's, devoted with natural piety to Bach. The comparative absence of world-famous names won't worry anyone who wants to hear Bach performances under appropriate conditions for a change (July 25-Aug. 1).

The French festivals betray their newness by not issuing full programmes until rather late in the day. Aix's is out, though, at any rate as far as the operas go. In addition to Mozart (*Don Giovanni* and *Entführung*) there is a new opera by Henri Sauguet called *Les Caprices de Marianne*, and Gounod's *Mireille* will be performed in the Val d'Enfer at Les Baux—a bright idea which one hopes will work. Both Menton (Aug. 2-15) and Besançon (Sept. 2-12) have issued attractive lists of performers, while down at Prades the usual distinguished company will concentrate on the classical chamber music repertory (June 14-July 4).

The Maggio Musicale at Florence (May 6-June 20) offers Spontini's *Agnese di Hohenstaufen* and *Euryanthe*, but if one really wants to combine sunshine with unfamiliar music the 28th I.S.C.M. festival at Haifa is obviously the thing (May 30-June 6). Travelling north has its æsthetic attractions, too. Copenhagen has a week devoted to the Royal Danish Ballet, and visitors will be able to see a number of ballets that were not in the programme when the company visited London last year. In the following week (June 1-9), Stockholm goes gay with opera (including Handel's *Orlando Furioso*), ballet and music; and if you can stay the pace Helsinki then offers a week of Sibelius and contemporary Finns. Sibelius's seven symphonies are all to be performed, but the high-spot is bound to be David Oistrakh's performance of the violin concerto.

As yet unspecified operatic premiers are promised by the Holland Festival and the Berliner Festwochen, but Venice will see the first two performances of Britten's *Turn of the Screw* (Sept. 11-22). The film festival comes just before this, but if you're quick you may get to Cannes, where they have it early (March 26-April 9).

Before leaving continental holiday culture it's worth noticing how many summer courses and seminars are run for English students by foreign universities. Tours, Florence, Strasbourg, Copenhagen, Nice, Stockholm, Barcelona, Rome, Venice and Ljubljana—and more still—offer courses of three to four weeks in various vaguely cultural or sociological subjects. (It's amusing to notice how the emphasis shifts in different places: where Rome and Venice offer art galleries, Stockholm and Ljubljana are inclined to provide factories.) The cost of these courses, including travel and accommodation, is usually between £35 and £45, which seems reasonable. A new venture is the musicians' tour, carefully arranged to take in the best items from various festivals in a given country: these are apparently very popular, and indeed if you don't mind doing your culture rather intensively the price, £40 for about a fortnight, is attractive.

Finally, a few remarks on home products. (Full details can usually be obtained from the British Travel Association, 64 St. James's Street, W.1.) The Bath Assembly concentrates on the early eighteenth century, while Cheltenham (July 7-16) once more puts on a festival of contemporary British music. Glyndebourne are doing operas by Rossini, Gluck, Strauss (yet another *Ariadne*), Stravinsky and, of course, Mozart; some of these can later be heard at Edinburgh (Aug. 22-Sept. 11). At Canterbury they combine, charmingly, cricket matches with Flecker's *Hassan* (hardly in the tradition of cathedral drama). The English Opera Group are performing a new chamber opera by Lennox Berkeley, *A Dinner Engagement*, at Aldeburgh (June 12-20), York (June 13-July 4), and Taw and Torridge (July 31-Aug. 8); as additional attractions to this, Poulenc at the first, York Mystery Plays at the second, and a new Ronald Duncan play at the last. At Pitlochry they perform plays by seven Scottish dramatists from May 1 to Oct. 2, while at Stratford we grub along with a single English one. Late in the day a British Drama League conference and theatre week at Malvern (Sept. 3-11), and Cheltenham's second annual boost to contemporary art, the literary festival (Oct. 4-8). Church music is sung at Framlingham in May, early instrumental music played at Haslemere in June. Whatever your tastes or your income, you should be able to find a festival to suit you. Unless you just don't like festivals.

JEREMY NOBLE

Some Literary Aids

BON VIVEUR'S plan is simple. He—or they, for in fact the pseudonym covers a married couple—go to the appointed country or region and eat and travel as nearly as possible on the scale and with the tastes of the visitor for whom they write—a character who seems to be intelligent, sophisticated, keen on art and food and bathing, not rich. He should be truly grateful for Bon Viveur's *Barcelona and the Balearics* and *Holland* (Muller, 5s.) where, along with all practical points about transport, currency, etc., he will find invaluable tips about the best buys to take home from Holland, or the right way to endure the terrible boat to Ibiza.

Fodor's Modern Guides strike a more impersonal, more comprehensive note, though written (by a number of experts) in a more lively style than the invaluable Baedeker or the Blue Guides. *Germany* (Newman Neame, 15s.) opens with some general articles—e.g., "Western Germany is Reborn," "Greater Germany"—then covers the region of Western Germany and Berlin. Good photographs, but a shortage of maps and plans.

Though it has a wider function than the traveller's needs, Batsford's British Cities and Towns series is, too, a useful holiday adjunct. Russell Kirk's new book on *St. Andrews* (21s.) is enthusiastic—he is an American who fell in love with the city when he went there to teach—but not at all uncritical. He has a sharp eye for the ugly gasworks as well as for the noble ruin, for the social realities as well as historical dramas.

The Regional Books (Hale, 18s. each) are also calculated to put the reader into a mood receptive to the *genius loci*. The latest, on *The Mendips* (by A. W. Coysh, E. J. Mason, V. Waite), ranges from Glastonbury to Bristol, while Lewis Wilshire's *Vale of Berkeley* takes in the Severn estuary, the Forest of Dean and Gloucester.

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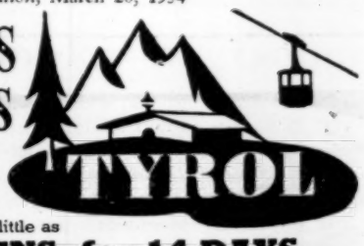

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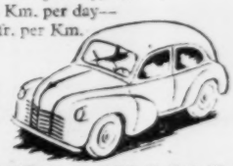

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C. V. WEDGWOOD
reviewing Muirhead's
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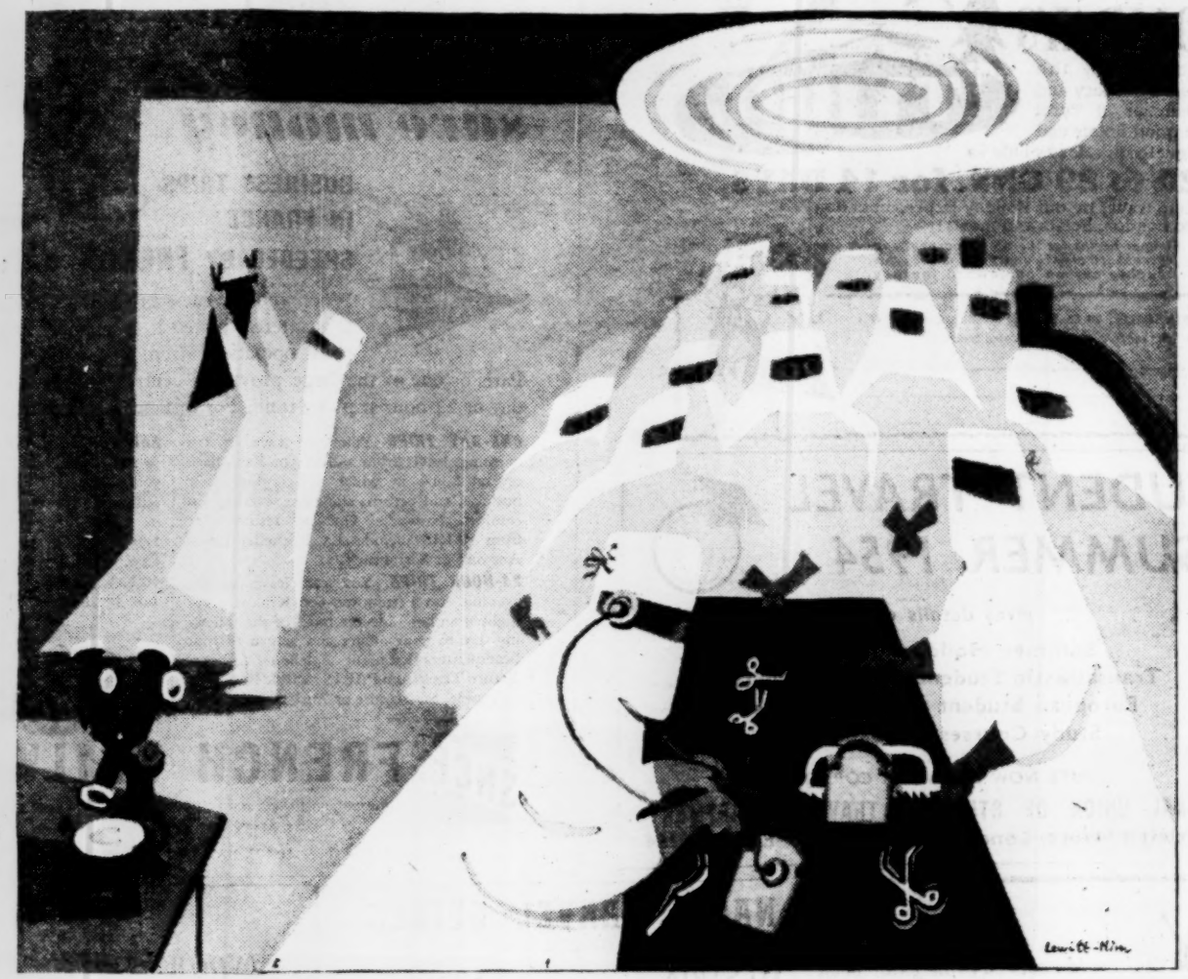

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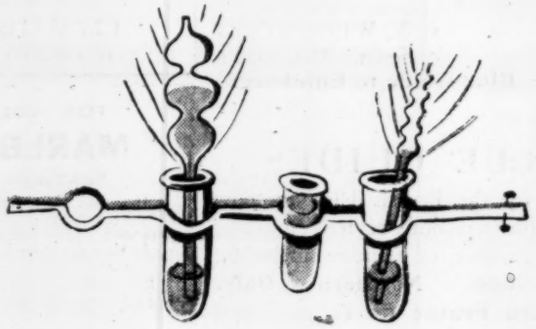

* *Or, as we prefer to call it in Basic Schweppshish, "stuff in me put". ("Bread" belongs to our cumbersome older vocabulary, now reduced to 17 words, all tremendously short.)*

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

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Books in General

MR. ELIOT'S first attempt to write a popular comedy was naturally an experiment, retaining certain elements from his earlier work. *The Cocktail Party* was a blend of two traditions: the tradition of the comedy of manners, whose subject is the love-game, and the tradition of romantic comedy, in which the fortunes of the characters are manipulated by more or less supernatural powers. The whole conception of the Guardians—comic Eumenides, at first regarded as nuisances, at the end recognised as "kindly ones"—looked back to *The Family Reunion*. It was as if those awkward shapes, whose intrusions into the drawing-room Mr. Eliot has himself mocked, and Agatha, the stern monitress, had insisted on being present, although in comic disguise. In subject, too, *The Family Reunion* and *The Cocktail Party* are closely related. *The Cocktail Party* is the story of a marriage that breaks down and then comes right, as *The Family Reunion* is the story of a marriage with a tragic issue. Harry discovers, in the wreck of his human relationships, that he should never have married at all. His is a different calling. That calling—to solitude and suffering—is present also in *The Cocktail Party*, in the story of Celia. At the heart of both plays lies the doctrine of atonement, of vicarious suffering, the idea that there is a bill which someone has to pay. It is treated differently in the two plays. Harry is guilty; it is his own account as well as his family's that he is called upon to settle. Celia does not suffer from a sense of guilt; she has no feeling that she has wronged Edward or Lavinia. Her story is, therefore, not tragic. She is conscious of sin; she becomes aware of a burden which has to be picked up and carried. But with all their differences, Thomas, the murdered Archbishop, Harry, the destroyer-saviour of his family, Celia, the self-offerer, stand in a line. Each is apart from the rest of the characters, called to a favoured lot, an "exaltation to afflictions high."

With *The Confidential Clerk** a break has been made. The "Eumenides" and the martyr have been left behind. The goddess in the machine, Mrs. Guzzard, holds the role of Pallas Athene; but she is not that wise virgin, nor any other. She is firmly rooted in her suburb, Teddington—a district of slightly higher social standing than Joshua Park—the widow of Herbert Guzzard, an organist. She is mother, yet not mother, of Colby Simpkins, not in any mystical or symbolical sense, but because, though she was his mother after the flesh, she preferred to be his aunt. Mr. Eggerson, the "wise one" of this play, does not burst out with cryptic little runes, pour libations to the gods of the hearth in his hot milk, or circle round a birthday cake—and he is mercifully unaware that he is wise. The lonely figure is still here, the person who is "different." But the desert to which Colby retreats is a comfortable one. He will be very snug in Joshua Park, more comfortable than under Lady Elizabeth's care in his mews-flat.

The rather uneasy blend of the comedy of manners with a kind of divine comedy has given way to another kind of comedy, something nearer to the comedy of humours. Sir Claude, with his dreams of himself as a potter, and his talk about being "obedient to the facts," when it is clear that he has the utmost difficulty in recognising a fact at all, much more in obeying it; Lady Elizabeth, with her belief in her unconventionality and her search into any fashionable form of wisdom; Lucasta, with her "tough blonde" act; B. Kaghan, with his "commonness"—these are humour characters, jolted by the twists and turns of the improbable plot into acknowledgment of their true natures. *The Confidential Clerk* has a unity which Mr. Eliot has not achieved before in a play. No single one of the characters has a monopoly of wisdom or virtue, and no character exists simply to be despised or guyed. Each in his or her own way has glimpses of the truth and each is capable of suffering, because capable of love. The plot has an obvious source in the *Ion* of Euripides, a fountain-head of Greek romance, and of the comedy of Menander and his Roman imitators, and Mr. Eliot has followed good precedent in his adaptation. As Shakespeare doubled the twins of his source in *The Comedy of Errors* to make the fun faster, so, for the one foundling of the *Ion*, Mr. Eliot has provided three. The element of fantasy, necessary if comedy is to rise above being a mere transcript of daily life and reach towards general truth, is not, as in *The Cocktail Party*, imposed on a particular story by the addition of extraneous characters. It is in the plot itself.

The Confidential Clerk differs from Mr. Eliot's earlier plays in having a weak and untheatrical beginning, but a strong third act and a splendid final curtain. Always before he excelled in exposition and failed in his *dénouement*. Here, the last act, with revelation piled on revelation, is a real theatrical climax. The slow exposition is the price that has been paid for the complications of the plot and the classically restricted cast. It is a serious blemish in a play which aims at being theatrical. But, apart from this defect, the play seems to me, both on the stage and in reading, an advance dramatically on its predecessor.

The subject of *The Cocktail Party* was freedom and destiny, our narrow area of choice. The subject of *The Confidential Clerk* is related; but the plot turns less upon choice than upon the acceptance of choices made long ago and not necessarily made by ourselves. The "Know thyself" of *The Cocktail Party* is seen here to involve knowing other people. Mrs. Guzzard chose to be her son's aunt, not his mother. Lady Elizabeth chose not to be a mother, except in wish. Sir Claude chose to be a patron rather than a father: to be in "a kind of fiduciary relationship" to his daughter, and to keep a son in cold storage, as it were, until he was ready for him. Colby, the central figure, is the object of other people's choices and wishes. Personable, intelligent, well-behaved, he is the ideal son, ready-made, off the peg. At the beginning he is trying to adapt himself to what he believes to be the facts. At the close, asked what he wishes, he declares he wants what he has had: to have no father and no mother in this life. The only true father he can have is a father who died before he was born, who did not refuse him the knowledge of a father's love, because he was not there to give it. His music is not to be like Sir Claude's love of his pots. He is not content for it to be a hobby. The knowledge of who his father was confirms him in his knowledge that his music is something in his very being, a key to his nature. His mother must "rest in peace"; he has never known a mother and cannot in any true sense know one now. Colby's "difference" is something that has been imposed upon him, which he has made and will make a source of strength.

If Colby is the central character, at whose choice the play resolves itself, the point of value in this play is given by the old clerk Eggerson. He, too, gets his wish, though he does not voice it. He is the only person in the play who has truly experienced a parent's "pains and benefits." Sir Claude loses the son he thought he had. To Eggerson, who really had had a son, a second son is given, a son after the spirit. Everyone else "wanted Colby to be something he wasn't." When Colby decides he wants to be what he is, he rightly finds his home with the Eggersons, just as years before little Barnabas, abandoned by his mother, found a true home with the Kaghans, "excellent people, Nonconformists."

In *The Cocktail Party* the divine broke into the pattern of human lives in the form of the heroic, and the heroic is, as Von Hügel said, the most easily recognisable manifestation of the supernatural. It is not difficult to respond with admiration to the mystic's search for union and the martyr's absolute rejection of what this life has to offer. But to be asked to find a test of the values by which we live in Mr. Eggerson, pottering about in his garden in Joshua Park, performing commissions for Mrs. E. at the draper's, and finding everyone has a heart of gold, is another matter. Mr. Eggerson never opens his mouth without a cliché. The "monuments of unageing intellect" are, one imagines, quite meaningless to him. His reading is the evening paper, and I don't like to think what pictures adorn his lounge or what tasteful vases stand upon its what-nots.

For a poet to place such a character at the spiritual centre of his play is the strongest possible indication that "the poetry does not matter." What the author has to say here is said in the whole design of his plot, in the behaviour of all the characters to each other. The play stands or falls by our acceptance of the characters and not by any particular scenes or passages of deep significance or high poetic beauty. This is not to say that the play is not finely written, and that those characters who properly can do so do not express themselves with an exquisite precision. But whatever message the play holds is diffused over the whole.

As I see the play, judgment of Mr. Eliot's achievement must depend on our judgment of his characterisation, on whether we believe in his characters and whether we care about them. The queer family party we are left with at the end, Sir Claude, Lady Elizabeth, Lucasta and B. Kaghan, both convince the imagination, I think, and touch the heart. The difficulty lies in Colby and Mr. Eggerson. For Colby has very little character and Mr. Eggerson perhaps too much. It is difficult to separate the

* *The Confidential Clerk*. By T. S. ELIOT. *Faber*. 10s. 6d.

characters as the poet conceived them from performances one has recently seen. Certainly on the London stage, if not in the United States, the actor of Colby triumphed over what seems in reading the coldness and priggishness of the part. As for Eggerson, I am not sure whether Mr. Eliot has not strained his chosen medium too far. I can think of only one English writer who has succeeded beyond question in presenting the kind of goodness which Eggerson is intended to embody, Jane Austen in Miss Bates. But the novel can do things which the stage cannot do, and *vice versa*. The theatre exaggerates, and in the glare of the footlights Eggerson may come out as too little a person and too much a character part. In these two roles Mr. Eliot has asked a great deal of his actors.

All the same, the gulf that in Mr. Eliot's earlier plays separated the heroes from their fellows does not yawn in *The Confidential Clerk*. In *The Family Reunion* Harry and Agatha hardly seemed to belong to the same species as the uncles and aunts of the chorus. Even in *The Cocktail Party*, where different ways of salvation were shown, the death of Celia and the domestic felicity of Edward and Lavinia were too far apart for either to seem true; each infected the other with a kind of unreality. The obscurely faithful Eggerson is a better touchstone in the world of comedy than the romantically conceived Celia, presenting, quite unconsciously, a stronger challenge to our conception of the good life.

HELEN GARDNER

MUSIC AND WORDS

No human singing can
  Express itself without
Words that usurp the sounds
  That pour forth from the throat.
But when the music ends
  There lie within our minds
Thoughts that refuse to fit,
  That will not sing or scan
Or alter what they mean.

Yet we believe in song
  Some meaning that no word
Can catch is finely caught,
  That music is a state
Where truth is overheard.
  But we are wrong, are wrong:
Thoughts still are shaped of hard
  Unalterable stuff
We think we can forget
  If we sing loud enough.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

METHOD

for Ronald Gaskell

For such a theme (atrocities) you find
My style, you say, too neat and self-possessed.
I ought to have a more disordered mind.

But Wesley's sermons could be methodized
According to a Ramist paradigm;
Enthusiasts can never be surprised.

The method in the madness of their zeal
Discounts their laceration of the wounds
That, though so bloodied, have had time to heal.

Cassandra plays her frenzied part too well
To be convincing in hysteria.
Has discourse still its several heads, in Hell?

It has, of course; and why conceal the fact?
An even tenor's sensitive to shock,
And stains spread furthest where the floor's not cracked

DONALD DAVIE

WEST AFRICAN SCENE

Four Guineas. By ELSPETH HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Sierra Leone. By ROY LEWIS. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 25*s.*

I had not expected Mrs. Huxley to write so good and objective a book about West Africa. She arrived there with all the prejudices that one might expect from the biographer of Lord Delamere and the most popular advocate of "the Kenya settler's philosophy." She began, they told me in Accra, with the crudest views about "jumped-up Africans" and the assumption that any African country which was ruled not by settlers but by Africans would necessarily turn out not very different from Liberia. As a reporter in Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeria, she has done much to overcome her prejudices. She does not think much of experiments in African self-government and she everywhere emphasises the primitive nature of the cultures upon which Western ideas had been only recently imposed. But she has done her best to be fair, and she has made those basic admissions which are the beginning of any honest thinking about Africa. At Achimota she states frankly that students taking English degrees show—

> no signs of inferiority. On the contrary; identical examination papers are just as strictly marked here as in London, and students do rather better in them. They are more eager to learn than London students, and they work harder. It was interesting to hear from Mr. Balme, who has taken seminars at Reading, Manchester, St. Andrews and Cambridge, that students introduced to philosophy ask exactly the same questions, whether they are British or Africans.

Once it is admitted that Africans are not fundamentally different or inferior to Europeans, there must be the end of the moral humbug about the White Man's burden. When we consider the appalling horrors of centuries of slave trade, the rapacity of subsequent forms of imperialism, and the arrogant behaviour of Europeans throughout Africa, we ought not to be surprised that Africans who have awakened to the hope of a new freedom are often brash and unreasonable. My own surprise in discussing the future with West Africans is that they are as willing as they are to take criticism and to laugh at themselves for leaping at a bound from an acceptance of their own inferiority to the opposite assumption that they are innately superior to Europeans and able to achieve in a generation what we took so much longer to accomplish. To African students who are trying sincerely and with much enthusiasm to prepare themselves for self-government, Mrs. Huxley's book will be of only limited interest; they already know how large a part the ju-ju plays everywhere in the bush, how cruel and bloody many African customs are, and how thin the Western veneer may be even among Africans who talk English and have learnt how to make money. But English Socialists would do well to consider the significance of the often horrible customs which Mrs. Huxley describes, and the evidence that she provides incidentally for the survival of ritual murder and other tribal habits, less publicised, but not less difficult to reconcile with civilisation. If someone remarks that our Western atrocities are on a bigger scale the answer is to agree, but to add that we hope Africa's future will be better, not worse, than our past. In fighting the battle for African freedom it is no good for Europeans or Africans to pretend that it is as simple a matter for the British to leave Nigeria as it was to them to allow the Burmese to govern themselves.

I have not been to Sierra Leone. Mrs. Huxley's picture of the country, reinforced by Mr. Roy Lewis's full-length account, convinces me that I have missed a good deal. Mrs. Huxley's book is illustrated by magnificent photographs which she took herself. In this respect Mr. Lewis goes one better. For his book does not pretend to be unofficial or to be produced at an economic price. The Stationery Office has done him proud. It has allowed him many excellent drawings and photographs and even gone to the length of a coloured frontispiece, which conveys better than any other picture I have seen the atmosphere of an African village where the women are preparing the food under coconut palms. Mr. Roy Lewis, now Editor of *The New Commonwealth*, writes with humour as well as authority. His chapter on palaver sauce, introduced by the Creole proverb "Only monkey understands monkey," instructs us with easy erudition and experience on some of the language problems of Sierra Leone. Krio, he tells us, is a "corrupted English which has suffered a sea change into something rich and African." He provides us with delightful examples of the calypsos recently current in Freetown. He produces both music and words (by Ralph Wright) of what is, I presume, the equivalent of an illuminated address to Mr. Lyttelton. The chorus goes:

> So welcome to the Secretary of State,
> We'd hoped he'd have stayed for a longer duration,
> And learnt to love our great little nation,
> Which may one day stand alone—Sierra Leone!

I gather that Mr. Lyttelton was more touched by this appeal than by the eloquence of Mr. Brockway or the arguments of this journal.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

USING SCIENCE

Science and Industry in the Nineteenth Century. By J. D. BERNAL. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Industry and Science. By the Manchester Joint Research Council. *Manchester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Why does a scientific discovery happen at one time rather than another? How does a practical need stimulate a scientific discovery? Why has there often been a lag of many years between the making of a discovery and its practical use? These are first-rate intellectual problems, but of the tangled, jungly kind that cannot give an elegant answer: to find an answer at all requires a mind which can carry several trains of thought at once, and that is one of the rarest of intellectual gifts. It is a gift, however, which Professor J. D. Bernal possesses almost to the level of a miraculous conjuring trick; and, reading his new book on the relation of science and industry in the nineteenth century, one's first response is sheer wonder at the power and tenacity, the width of detailed association, the lucidity-among-complexity, of the mental achievement.

No one else alive could have written this book in this way; and we are unlikely to get a more authoritative piece of nineteenth-century scientific history. It will be a real loss if its author's political faith prevents it being recognised as a classical work. Professor Bernal is a Marxist, but this book is about as much a Marxist history in the cant sense as is *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The generalisations of dialectical materialism are conceived in terms far too abstract to give much help in solving these problems, at once labyrinthine and concrete; and in fact, Professor Bernal's approach is very much that of anyone who believes that the history of science is as earthbound as other history, and does not consist solely of a series of inexplicable brain-waves.

To begin with, the history of a science consists of two strands. The first is a relation, which is not normally a cause-and-effect relation so much as a resonance to industrial needs. The expansion of the textile industry in the nineteenth century made it important to be able to make acids, alkalis, soaps, on a large scale, and this led directly to the great edifice of nineteenth-century chemistry, which in itself initiated the new industries of dyestuffs and explosives. In the same way, practical interest in the efficiency of the steam engine concentrated the researches of Carnot, Joule, Thomson, who produced the major theoretical advance of the century in the laws of thermodynamics.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

On the other hand, the science of electricity in its beginnings was only dimly related to any practical need; magnetism had been studied because of the demands of navigation, and those studies threw off some of the simple phenomena of electricity, which for a long time seemed no more than a toy. Partly because of this casual origin, it took fifty years for Faraday's discoveries to be applied. The second strand in the history of a science can be seen in those years when electricity had no connection with industry. When a science has got started, from whatever causes, it takes on to some extent its own internal dynamic; if its applications are obvious, the resonance with industry will pull it one way or the other, but nevertheless some of its historical progress will be of its own making, and will be affected, like all other minuscule histories, by personalities, chance, news from other intellectual climates.

It is, for instance, interesting to note that the science of chemistry, constantly in touch with an expanding industry all through the nineteenth century, took on a conservative tone in its own internal development, which lasted until the 1930s—suspicious and resentful of the real existence of atoms in the nineteenth century, suspicious and resentful of the real existence of electronic valency in the twentieth. The clearest examples of this inner dynamic in scientific history are, of course, to be found in those sciences where the industrial relation is negligible, as in some branches of pure mathematics. A detailed study of the history of mathematical analysis in the nineteenth century would be a valuable complement to Professor Bernal's work, and would be a corrective, not to him, but to those less comprehensive-minded, who want to make history simpler and more monolinear than it actually is.

The only point at which Professor Bernal himself over-simplifies, it seems to me, lies not in his analysis of the past as in his vision of the future. He is passionately concerned (as are most people of good will) that science should be applied, as quickly and as benevolently as it can be, to make material life easier for all men. He asks why there were these long delays before, say, electricity was turned to practical use: and his answer is simple—the profit-motive. In unrestricted capitalism, industrialists will make the easy money and not go in for long-term development. That is obviously part of the truth: I doubt if it is the whole of it. And I doubt it still more after reading the Manchester Joint Research Council's sturdy piece of field research. They set out to discover what use 225 firms in the Manchester district were making of science and scientists, and they did it by direct, patient, personal inquiry.

It was not a dramatic research, but very well worth doing; the trio of investigators were nothing if not sensible; they point out truths which administrators often forget, such as that many men of high ability, particularly the kind of active men who run businesses, cannot be reached on paper but only face-to-face; they point out also that in many businesses scientists would be wasted, and it is no use employing them just to be in the fashion. Broadly, their view is moderately optimistic. They report that scientists, in most of the larger firms, are well used and increasing in influence. But both the Manchester investigators and Professor Bernal share an assumption which I should wish to qualify. It is that, given adequate scientific direction and ignoring immediate profits, the decisions about long-term development are usually straightforward. Sometimes they are, but by no means always.

The "contradictions" (as Professor Bernal would call them), it seems to me, often lie much deeper than the form of society which has to decide. One such contradiction resides in the struggle between immediate usefulness and long-term risk; and the persons making the decision between the two in a socialist society may quite likely be impelled to choose the cautious line. For example, the science of electronics is going to dominate a whole range of physical applications for years. In the Thirties, the Russians must presumably have considered developing this science on a large scale, and decided against; for whatever reasons, their lag in electronics is as striking as some of Professor Bernal's examples in nineteenth-century capitalism. I should have thought that, though most of the Russian judgments in applied physics and engineering have been steady and sound, when they have erred, they have erred on the conservative side. It is probably always going to be very hard, in any form of society, to strike just the right degree of technical adventurousness.

C. P. SNOW

THE RED LIGHT AGAIN

Russia: A History. By SYDNEY HARCAVE. *Cleaver-Hume Press.* 50s.

The Dynamics of Soviet Society. By W. W. ROSTOW. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

The rulers of Russia seem to us much like the waxworks at Madame Tussaud's. We recognise Molotov's pince-nez or Malenkov's tunic. But the faces are blank, unchanging; and we cannot sense what is behind them. Human intelligence should be able to penetrate this remorseless exterior. But how? Perhaps by tracing the history of Russia? Professor Harcave has tried this, not incompetently. He goes back to the Varangians and on to the death of Stalin. There are genealogical tables of the Tsars and statistics of populations, pictures of Russian writers and of serfs being flogged. Foreign affairs are treated best; and the strongest impression left from the book is of Russia's constant apprehension of western power. This has shaped her domestic history repeatedly and perhaps does so still. As a textbook of history, this book does very well: effectively arranged, the subject of each paragraph printed in heavy lettering, and chronological tables at the opening of each section. All the events are there. Only the Russian people are lacking; and, without them, events are left to explain themselves. This they are not likely to do. History sets the problems. It does not provide the answers. For that we have to use our brains.

Professor Rostow's book is at the opposite extreme—brains hard at work, with facts displayed casually now and then to sustain the argument. This book is the outcome of what is called a research project. A number of specialists contributed their views on Russia; and Mr. Rostow, himself no specialist, threw them together into a coherent version. It is a book of importance, if only because it is likely to become the official guide for rising members of the American services. Presumably they will understand it. The English reader will find it more difficult. It is written in a sort of sociological gibberish. The words are recognisably English, though clumsy and half-Latin. But the sentences mean very little when translated into simpler terms; and some of them cannot be translated at all, except into German.

Still, the general theme is easy to grasp. It starts from the assumption that the American outlook is the only one that is morally valid. We all look forward to the day "when history destroys or dissolves Soviet inhibitions on a stable collective security resolution of present conflicts with the external world." Collective security is the answer to everything. Why do the rulers of Russia not accept it as sensible people should? Because they are mad on power—first, power over Russia, then the extension of their power to the rest of the world. There is a good deal about the comfortable life which the bureaucrats enjoy at the expense of the Russian people. But essentially the whole book merely elaborates the theme of power as an end in itself. It is much as though Mr. Rostow had been called in by a great American business concern to study the outlook of a competing firm. What do they want? Not a share of the profits—we would give them that! Then are they out to monopolise the market? If so, we must undercut them until they are ready to form a joint combine on "a collective security

basis." This may work in American business. But suppose the Russians don't share this outlook? Suppose, for instance, that, as Russians, they don't like being dependent on any foreign power? Or suppose even that they are Socialists and don't believe that capitalism can ever produce a stable world-order? It may be that the Russian rulers are coming to resemble American magnates more and more; but it may also be that they expect Socialism to work. They seem to have solved the problem of economic expansion, just when America is running into a depression. This may impress the Russians, though it does not impress Mr. Rostow.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

HURTLING ROUND THE CORNER

Ghosts and Poltergeists. By HERBERT THURSTON, S. J. *Burns, Oates.* 16*s.*

The late Father Thurston, historian, and unrivalled authority on the occult literature of half a dozen languages, was accustomed to justify his concern with the notoriously futile vagaries of poltergeists (which are, in fact, the only subject of this book) by pleading that they are the best attested of all paranormal phenomena, and he could quote distinguished support for this belief. "The details of the hauntings," he points out, "present features which are apt to recur in surroundings separated from each other by thousands of miles of space and many centuries of time." Nowadays these extraordinary similarities of detail have lost much of their evidential value, for "People know what to expect and consequently know the kind of phenomena they may safely invent." But why should St. Augustine, Giraldus Cambriensis, respectable farmers in seventeenth-century Scotland and New England, illiterate peasants in rural Ireland and Iceland, servant girls in London and Paris, Huguenot pastors and French priests and a host of other witnesses, all spontaneously compose tales of guided missiles, which fly round corners, heavy projectiles which hit but do not hurt, showers of stones which materialise in mid-air, and so forth? If fraudulent, why do the events follow such a consistent pattern? And how was the necessary conjuring skill, which would strain the resources of the Magic Circle, suddenly acquired, and as suddenly forgotten?

On the detection of fraud, Father Thurston had little to learn (his ruthless integrity as a historian made his name a proverb in his own Church), but one guesses that the old priest nodded over some of the stories he admitted to this rich and varied collection of wonders. In the entrancing account of the haunting of the pious home of a native Christian in Southern India, for example, one catches hints of a conspiracy of the women of the household to bring the family back to Hinduism. (Everyone has his own, quite irrational, limit of credulity and mine is reached by a spirit which scribbles on lavatory walls.) But the author compensates by printing, I think for the first time, the true explanation of the famous Battersea poltergeist case. He was, however, struck by the fact that here, as in some other cases in which we both interviewed participants, certain witnesses stood firm in describing events which could not have had a normal explanation. Is it possible that when otherwise sane people once believe that they are in the presence of the supernatural they cease to be reliable reporters and lose control of their imaginations? All poltergeists corrupt, and certainly some of the most famous specimens seem to have corrupted absolutely.

Father Thurston was badly handicapped in his studies of the occult by being obliged to confine his contributions to short magazine article length, although many of these stories cry aloud for fuller treatment, if they are worth printing at all. He had also been obliged to deal inadequately with the question of possible explanations, an even stiffer hurdle than that of evidence. For although obviously of enormous importance, if true, the manifestations of poltergeists simply do not make sense on any hypothesis. The author notes, as all other workers in this field have done, the usual presence of an adolescent who seems all unconsciously to be the centre of the disturbances and he refers to him or her as the "medium." But the part played by this medium is quite uncertain and in any case unlike that of a medium at a séance. Is the mysterious force which transcends the known laws of physics projected by the medium as a result of "adolescent tensions"? One finds it difficult to visualise the mechanism of "tensions" which can materialise stones out of nowhere or send them flying round corners. Real physicists tell me that it helps not at all to invoke the names of Professor Einstein or of the atomic bomb. Or is the medium acting as the human agent of a rudimentary intelligence, akin to one of the sprites of medieval dæmonology? At this stage my credulity again collapses, and so did Father Thurston's, though he could never entirely reject this theory. While we await the discovery of a natural force "as little known to us as the latent forces of electricity were to the Greeks", we can yield pleasantly to the high entertainment value of these stories.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

RUSSET-COATED CAPTAINS

Cromwell's Generals. By MAURICE ASHLEY. *Cape.* 21*s.*

When a revolutionary upheaval cracks the hard shell of society and social relations dissolve in flux, one expects unlikely men to rise to the top. It happens in politics, and in the past, when military skill consisted largely in resolution and *coup d'œil*, it has happened in war. In the English civil wars the professional soldiers trained on the Continent—Fairfax and Leslie excepted—did not make much of a showing; the war was won by improbable amateurs—merchants, clerks and country gentlemen who became generals after an apprenticeship of a few years and turned admirals with equal ease a few months later.

The remarkable thing, however, and one which Dr. Ashley, in this skilfully compiled and charmingly written book, brings out well, was not the variety of the Cromwellian Generals; it was their uniformity. They had none of the variegated *panache* of Napoleon's Marshals, possibly because they were not drawn from so wide a social stratum. The royalist legends of an England groaning under a set of dour uneducated upstarts have no foundation. Of the Cromwellian following only three—Kelsey, Barkestead and Harrison—had worked their way up from the bottom. The rest were men of the same background as Cromwell himself—"country-house radicals," as Mr. Trevor-Roper has so aptly called them—landowners of failing fortunes, often stemming from the cadet branches of noble families, educated at the Inns of Court and swept into the army by the closely twined cords of family connection and religious conviction. Their Puritanical measures, largely designed to keep the lower classes in order, did not interfere with their own hunting, hawking and moderate appreciation of the good things of life. There is a faintly exotic, a Magyar flavour about these squires in arms. The real russet-coated captains had fallen by the wayside, at Putney and Triploe Heath and Burford. Only those whose loyalty to Cromwell was unshakable reached the top. One social revolutionary, the Saint Thomas Harrison, succeeded for a while in harnessing Cromwell to his ideas and persuaded him into the disastrous experiment of the Assembly of Saints; and the radical measures which that body considered necessary to prepare the way for the Reign of Christ shook Cromwell so badly that thereafter he fell prey to men even more conservative than his Generals.

One or two individuals in Dr. Ashley's canvas stand out above the dutiful mediocrity of the rest. Harrison, the ablest revolutionary of them all, who combined a Goeringesque love of finery with an assured conviction that the day of the Lord was at hand, has been strangely neglected by the hagiographers of the social revolution.

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Michael Swan, an enterprising and deeply interested traveller, has produced an uncommon and entertaining picture of Mexico today.

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TWO-GUN COHEN

by **Charles Drage**

Known in three continents as 'Two-Gun Cohen', General Morris Abraham Cohen, late of the Chinese Nationalist Army, has had a career without precedent in modern times. Born in Stepney, he was shipped to Canada at the age of 16. In the cities he learned to gamble, more than holding his own with the sharpest of sharpers. Skilful, quick and powerful with his punches, he befriended and was befriended by the Chinese Colony. In 1922 he was called to China as A.D.C. and personal bodyguard to Dr. Sun Yat-sen, with the rank of Colonel. After Dr. Sun's death, he was promoted to General and became A.D.C. to Dr. Sun Fo, Mayor of Canton. Later he was in charge of the bullion vaults of the Central Bank of China. As A.D.C. to General Li Chai-sum, Governor of Kwangtung Province, he was made Liaison Officer with the Government of Hong Kong and all Foreign Powers in China, and, in turn, became A.D.C. to Generals Chen Chi-tong and Wu Teh-chen. For security reasons there is a gap in the story — General Cohen's career is not yet finished. Illustrated. 16s. *March 22.*

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JONATHAN CAPE

There was the meteoric John Lambert, a General at 26, who missed supreme power only through a series of minute miscalculations. There was the attractive figure of the West Countryman Blake, who in his fifties proved so worthy an adversary of the great Van Tromp; and bringing up the rear came the stolid, enigmatical figure of Monck, the only professional soldier among them, in whom Dr. Ashley finds not only a Cromwellian respect for Lawful Authority, but a refreshing absence of any illusions about being the Instrument of the Lord. But for the rest there is little to be said. They were rightly hated, both by the vast royalist majority of the country and by the dogged upholders of the Good Old Cause. Distinguished neither by the success which excuses dullness nor by the romance which redeems failure, the waters of history have settled in silence over their unregretted heads.

MICHAEL HOWARD

BEASTS AND MEN AND SCANDINAVIANS

Three Singles to Adventure. By GERALD DURRELL. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

The Baths of Absalom. By JAMES POPE-HENNESSY. *Wingate.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Desert Watches. By WILSON MACARTHUR. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Westward Ho with the Albatross. By HANS PETTERSSON. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Books that deal with the collecting of wild animals have a charm that is seldom if ever found in those that describe their killing. The reader need be no naturalist, nor even a frequenter of Zoos: he may in fact thoroughly disapprove of the whole business in theory; and yet he will read with bated breath to see if Robert gets the gorilla he has set his heart on or to learn how Jack could have been so careless as to allow the python to swallow the spotted toad.

Mr. Durrell's account of his trip to British Guiana has all this peculiar fascination with the added and unexpected merit of being very well written. His little sketches of beasts and men and landscapes are remarkably happy and vivid, as when he writes of "a tree-frog in a neighbouring bush, that let forth a series of small, polite belches and then fell silent, as though embarrassed at its own bad taste": or again, of the two red-crested woodpeckers,

> They looked like a couple of mad, red-headed doctors, sounding the chest of the great tree and giggling delightedly over the diseases they found, the worm holes, the tubercular patches of dry rot, and the army of larvæ steadily eating their host to pieces.

One of the many charming things about the book is the way in which every creature emerges as a personality, whether comic, appealing or repulsive. The author is warmly in sympathy with animal-kind, alive to its pathos, appreciative of its qualities and tolerant of its faults; disparagement of it he cannot abide and castigates with severity both Buffon and the Spanish historian Oviedo for having slandered the sloth. Most considerately he spares us details of the inevitable discomforts and frustrations in such a life as his, except where they will entertain, and brings a light touch to calamity even as personified by the frightful Mr. Kahn. *Three Singles to Adventure* is a gay, boyish book, which yet has the solidity that comes of knowledge: page by page it draws a clear picture of this little piece of the Latin American continent with the flower-encrusted waters and rolling savannahs, the curious and often eccentric beasts and the mild, engaging people.

Mr. Pope-Hennessy made a return voyage to the West Indies in 1952 and in his brilliant little work he tells of that experience. As a piece of description it deserves all praise, for the beauty of its prose and its wonderfully skilful evocation of the colours, sights and sounds, the magic and the squalor, of the Caribbean islands. Unhappily the author had also a serious purpose in writing it, which was to draw attention to the disgraceful state of the British colonies there, and their inferiority to the French. He remarks at the end that he does not expect these notes to do any good, and he is probably right. It is surely a little presumptuous to think that the national conscience might be roused by sixty-four pages of fine writing, produced in the manner due to *belles lettres* and with a frontispiece by Lucian Freud. He alienates sympathy too by the tone, superior and faintly priggish at times, of the man of letters to whom the Bloomsbury attitude to life is enlightened: and his strictures on the English suburbs suggest that he has not spent very much time in them. His book gave me such pleasure that to criticise it seems ungrateful; but the truth is that one cannot help people in trouble without taking real pains over it and that to dash off a few impressions, however splendidly, is merely a form of indulgence.

Mr. MacArthur and his wife bought a powerful motor car and set off to their home in Rhodesia across the Sahara desert. His account of their adventures often makes heavy reading as he is wholly unselective in his material, the same space being given to the description of a town or a landscape as to an irrelevant exchange of marital repartee or a detailed report on trouble with the engine. This and a weakness for repetition blur the edges of a fine story, full of excitement, interest and novelty. The Société Algérienne des Transports Tropicaux has depots of supply and rescue along the Hoggar route but it is still possible for unlucky travellers to die of thirst, as the MacArthurs nearly did, before help can reach them. Further, as may be imagined, *la* S.A.T.T. does not rescue people for the sake of their *beaux yeux* and Mr. MacArthur's bill for his *dépannage* came to 150,000 francs. In all their troubles the pair showed admirable good-humour and patience, and were never too self-absorbed to watch the life around them: these amiable qualities make the book a pleasant one in spite of its literary shortcomings.

Professor Pettersson tells the story of a Swedish deep-sea expedition in which he took part. It crossed the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean sea, passing via Panama to the Pacific and the Indian Ocean, in order to collect information about the ocean bed and submarine life. The book is intended for the general reader and exudes the wholesome dullness of which Scandinavian writers have the secret. On top of this natural aptitude the author is also a perfect gentleman, an excellent thing in life but in literature deplorable: everyone is a good chap, hosts are all delightful and hostesses charming and there is not one enlivening drop of wickedness in the whole long drink of barleywater. Except, of course, the author's radio message to a firm of echo-sounder makers, never in fact sent but still reverently preserved in manuscript, which ran: "Bottom of Biscay in unresponsive mood. *Skagerak's* bottom sore with transmitting. Your two representatives gone overboard looking for missing echoes. Wreaths may be sent to Lisbon. The ways of Providence are unfathomable."

HONOR TRACY

THE HISTORY OF DEVON

Devon: A New Survey of England. By W. G. HOSKINS. *Collins.* 42*s.*

History first became real for me at Rose Ash, when the postman, Mr. Hosegood, told me that he could remember, seventy years before, seeing "thic girt field" ploughed by three yoke of oxen; "and the names of these oxen were Rhyme and Reason, Time and Season, Labour and Sweat." So among the questions I asked of this *New Historical Description* were, What was the past at Rose Ash that impressed my childish imagination? And when did ploughing with oxen die out in Devon? The first is very well answered:

> Rose Ash lies on the back of a long ridge, nearly 800 feet up, which is traversed by a prehistoric ridgeway. Much of the parish is wild, moory ground . . . . The Southcombs were rectors here without a break for eight generations from 1675 to 1948.

This sort of observed, personal writing is typical of the entries in the gazetteer which occupies two-fifths of the book. Whether you read to find out more of places you know or to discover villages you would like to know, the rewards are excellent. Who could resist Plymtree, "set in fertile red sandstone country of rich dairy pastures, magnificent oak trees and orchards that produce some of the best cider in Devon"; the four great houses; the medieval wall painting of the Magi which does not represent Cardinal Morton, Henry VII and Prince Arthur; and the rectory of Thomas Mozley who walked every week-day in the Seventies to Ottery Road Station (now Sidmouth Junction) to write a leader for *The Times* in the Railway Hotel?

But in the three hundred pages of history there is no word about the oxen; perhaps they were not more specialised in Devon farming than anywhere else. Other omissions run in a pattern: they are the topics that interest people who do not much care for history—smuggling, dialect, games and sports. Given that this book is not a jolly gallop through the Old Days, and that everyone will discover something he thinks should have been put in, Dr. Hoskins will be found to have written a historian's history that is always agreeable and often exciting for the layman to read. His difficulty was in the vast mass of material. There are, for example, 84 volumes of *Transactions of the Devonshire Association*, and these get just six lines in a 17-page bibliography. Dr. Hoskins marshals the tremendous forces of the professional historian in a masterly plan. First prehistory and the Celtic and Saxon settlements; the former in brilliant summary delightful for those who have begun their archaeology and want to know what to see for themselves in Devon; the latter with a good deal of argument about the evidence, lighted with flashes of pleasure in finding the past living on in the present—as in the survival in Bucks Mill of a Celtic type, "dark and broadheaded, stalwart men." From the Conquest the plan is in twelve sections, the Economic Background, the Land, Communications, the Church, Maritime, etc. In other hands this series of progressions could become artificial and tedious. Dr. Hoskins dares the reader to be bored by the grandeur of his knowledge and forbids it by his skill in deploying detail and his pleasure in the telling, whether it is of the importance in high-farming of three-life tenure, the deterioration of roads and bridges after the suppression of Indulgences, or his four words on "the futile Parson Jack Russell" and impassioned page about the work of Canon Girdlestone, the champion of agricultural labourers. Everyone who wants to *know* about Devon will sooner or later have to read this book. We should all congratulate Messrs. Collins on the plan which brought it into being, and hope to see our own county recorded with equal authority and charm.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

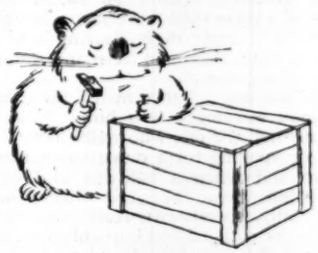
PERSONAL TRAVELLERS

The Bandit on the Billiard Table. By ALAN ROSS. *Verschoyle.* 25*s.*

Corner of the Moon. By SHIELA STEEN. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Of the two very different types of travel-book—the informative at one extreme, the personal or idiosyncratic at the other—the second, if it has more power to irritate, is also more likely to produce literature. Both writers reviewed here have, consciously or unconsciously, attempted this more difficult book, and given us, as well as much topographical information, portraits of themselves.

As Mr. Ross's title shows, no less than the frequent intrusions of his own personality, he is not going to be content with merely describing Sardinia. In the middle of some historical material about Nelson's Mediterranean convoys, perfectly appropriate to the Sardinian setting, we are



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suddenly given an account of his war-time experiences in higher latitudes—a convoy to Murmansk, a battle in an ice-choked sea with German destroyers. Talk to a commercial traveller in a Sardinian café leads on to reminiscences of Mr. Ross's duck-shooting in Basra. He quotes Valéry; he gives us his views on D. H. Lawrence. All this is admirably done. He has tried to do something more than the conventional, "Olbia became an important town under the Romans . . . " class of travel-book. He has, moreover, the good writer's gift of making us always want to turn over the pages, never quite sure what will come next—another picture of his villainous *uomo di fiducia;* or the interior of a Baroque cathedral; or an irruption of bandits. In all this we are continually expecting a glimpse, a flash of truth, with some unusual, individual observation. That this flash never comes is a disappointment. Admirable as his book is on the lower, informative plane, it just fails to achieve success on the higher, personal one. He seems to have emotions, but he will never quite trust himself on the flood of them. We never feel that we are in contact with a personality which can suddenly illumine, with an ordinary, everyday event, the comedy and tragedy of our own lives. But Mr. Ross has a power of description (particularly when writing of landscape), and a gift of piquant phrase, so that this disappointment, equally, is never complete. "Being a great enthusiast for eye-witness accounts by octogenarians . . ."—so he prefaces an account of an old sacristan who has some personal story to unfold. Describing the Festa of S. Simplicio, he says, "a Saint who was martyred under Diocletian, in celebration of which special Masses are held each year, when horse-racing and dancing take place in the town." With dialogue and vignette of local characters, he has attempted to give us the feel, the smell of the island, and has infected us with his enthusiasm for Sardinia and the Latin world. The excellent photographs by Costa are perfectly in keeping with Mr. Ross's prose and character.

From the continuous, good-natured chatter of *Corner of the Moon*, Miss Steen emerges as a familiar figure—the generous, prolix, warm-hearted woman with an almost unlimited power to enthuse. Her travels in the Dordogne are full of passages where she communes with Nature. "Clouds like tongues, flames, tribes of angels, fled across the sky, eloquent as hand-writing"; "The trees shimmered, argent, silent"; "A sound like the music of a celestial xylophone. It was the sound of cattle-bells." One of Miss Steen's chief pleasures is, clearly, to read Ossian or Shakespeare beside a solitary waterfall.

If you can put up with this tendency of the unskilled writer to run amok with words, you will find much that is agreeable in this account of the wanderings of an enterprising young lady who has her eyes and emotions about her. "A beautiful creature," she shyly describes one young Frenchman who spoke to her, "with a fourth-century (!) face, oval, pale, large-eyed, with square-cut hair and a full, big-muscled throat." On more than one occasion she resists the charms of "big-muscled throats"; and even has a near-Sterne incident in a bedroom. In its lack of pretension and its straightforwardness. *Corner of the Moon* possesses much of that quality we call charm. It is only the lack of economy in the writing that is displeasing. Miss Steen must not preface a chapter with, "My first night in Puy de Dôme was really very funny." She does not select; she has written down exactly what happened to her; meeting peasant A; then peasant woman B; then a species of peasant A again—all of whom behave, talk and look alike. No doubt they do—in real life. But a book of this kind, demanding, by the very standards it sets itself, the higher type of judgment, should not be a copy of real life.

ANTHONY RHODES

NEW NOVELS

The City and the Wave. By JON GODDEN. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Other Landscape. By NEIL M. GUNN. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Galatea. By JAMES M. CAIN. *Hale.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

> . . . The greying hair, the line of nerves upon the face, the thickening body held him as her beauty never had. She hadn't put on her mosquito boots and her slippers were badly in need of mending. It isn't beauty that we love, it's failure—the failure to stay young for ever, the failure of nerves, the failure of the body . . . he felt a terrible desire to protect . . .

Mr. Graham Greene's Scobie is the archetype of the contemporary suffering hero, the man acquainted with ideological grief. The bad priest, the guilt-ridden policeman, the self-accusing Party member—these, for our time, are the fashionable equivalents of Byron's corsairs, Balzac's perfumed go-getters. They are underwritten by history, products of the bunker, the seminary and the concentration camp.

Miss Godden's hero, Len Chase, a middle-aged Eurasian clerk in a Calcutta counting-house, is Scobie's brother under his dusky skin. He makes his way through the sweating, fœtid city, his tear-ducts spilling out the *lacrimas rerum.*

> . . . Of all that he had seen that evening his mind retained only the image of the beggars and the thin hungry dogs, the filth and signs of poverty. . . . If he could have felt only revulsion, life would have been easier for him. It was this deep unwilling pity which had destroyed his life and taken away his faith . . .

Len is an urban castaway, struggling to keep his head above water in a world of smells and paupers, clinging desperately to the frail spar of his self-respect—his post office savings, his English grandfather, his Jesuit education. At night, sitting in his room high above the city, he studies the stars in the family telescope, forgetting for a while in that cold stellar communion the four-stumped beggar beneath his window, the epileptics, the filthy-hearted Sikh children on the landing outside who have just killed his cat. Haunted by the breeding squalor all round him, Len dreams of a huge tidal wave that will wash away the city in a single night, leaving only "a vast stretch of sand, clean and fresh and shining" and the cry of sea birds.

"You are not as other men," his friend Dey, the Hindu astrologer, tells him. "You are the touch-me-not, the one who walks alone." Len is obviously spoiling for a disastrous personal relationship and when a half-cast chit of sixteen follows him home he gets what's coming to him. Silly, spendthrift, feather-brained Marie becomes the pathetic and bottomless receptacle of Len's pity. But here Miss Godden's book gets out of its Scobie groove and attains true pathos and perception. The dreadful wedding luncheon, the mean, pitiful, so eagerly grasped pleasures—a taxi-ride, a glass bangle, a trip to the Botanical Gardens—all this the writer describes with a realism and a poignant economy that derives from Flaubert—(the Flaubert of *Un Cœur simple*) and not from *The Heart of the Matter.* Though Miss Godden is a far less accomplished writer than Mr. Greene, her book illustrates most remarkably the discrepancy between the novelist's true sense of the tears of things and the smart theological attitudes that have bedevilled so much contemporary fiction. This novel pierces home with a vivid exactness. It fails in its climax, yet it remains a most moving and distinguished short work of fiction.

After the sights and smells of Chowringhee, Mr. Gunn's Highland landscape envelops the reader in a thick and soothing mist. This is *Tir nan Og*, the land of perpetual wonder, where second sight is second nature and the greatest calamity in the world is to be without the Gaelic. ("When old as the hills this woman would tell a story warm as the blood," etc.) The bog-myrtle blooms, the plovers wheel overhead, the blue smoke curls lazily skywards from the crofters' cottages, the lochs are abrim with trout. Not even man is vile in such a setting, though Chelsea with its "coterie critics," its "skerries of jealousy, the simplicities of a refinement stark as a wreck," is a bare five hundred miles away. Loch Dubh is in Buchan country and oh, how we long for Mr. Gunn's hero to catch sight of Hannay or Mendoza or Archie Roylance as, for page after page, he lies around in the heather spying out the land through his binoculars. Alas, all he ever sees is a pretty chambermaid (whom he sensibly marries), her father, a manic-depressive ghillie, a saturnine major who almost sets fire to the hotel (comedy scenes decanted from a corked Linklater '37), and an unspeakable bloody-but-unbowed musician who goes headlong to his death while salvaging a puncheon of rum. Mr. Gunn keeps these by no means wildly appetising ingredients simmering for the best part of 300 pages, occasionally flinging in a fey titbit—a ceilidh, a spectral bollard, a dozen pages of local metaphysics. The result is the thinnest and lumpiest gruel—"a mere unconnected rhapsody" as the Doctor said of Fingal, "a tiresome repetition of the same images." Personally, give me Chelsea's stark refinement.

In the wisecracking, pistol-pointing rear comes Mr. James M. Cain, sizzling as ever in an ingenious, fast-moving confection made up in equal parts of Mrs. Radcliffe, Tennessee Williams and his own early manner. Galatea, the wife of a crooked restaurateur in Maryland, tops 400 lb. in the twin pairs of scales in her bedroom. "It's *glandular!*" she cries, when anyone suggests dieting. Pygmalion, an ex-flyweight named Duke, who's been press-ganged into the caterer's employ after sticking up a gasolene station, helps the lady get her weight down. She is not ungrateful:

> "Listen, Mr. Blond, there's something you may have forgotten. You carved me from grease, that's true, like a turkey chipped out of ice. So I'm yours, complete. But *I've* got some rights just the same. There are certain things this might call for. Things I might like to do."
>
> "Like what, for instance?"
>
> "Showing myself to you."
>
> "I can see you from here."
>
> "Not all of me, perhaps."
>
> "Enough. Plenty."

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Enough, plenty it is. Mr. Cain's own props—the graft, the bourbon, the city slickers and the automatics—blend strangely with Old Southern pride and the ghost of John Wilkes Booth. The courtroom climax is as odd as anything in the oddest movie. Yet this book is worth reading, if only for its crazy guy-and-doll dialogue and for its original glimpse of a sylph in maroon slacks shrieking to be let out of a female colossus "supplying insulin to 400 lbs. of blubber."

JOHN RAYMOND

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Orchestral. Schubert's Symphonies No. 4 ("Tragic") and No. 5 in B flat have fared ill since the advent of LP. They have now been efficiently rescued by Harry Blech and the London Mozart Players (*G.CLP1010). The noble lament which transfigures the not otherwise first-rate No. 4 is beautifully managed (notice especially the long modulation, bars 90-106). The sudden dynamic changes towards the end of the Finale are not fully observed, and the tone in both symphonies is not as well focused as in other recordings by the same orchestra; but on the whole this is a most enjoyable coupling. In the *Dante Symphony* of Liszt, the view of Hell and Purgatory (there are only two movements, Paradise being glimpsed by the chorus at the end of the work) is Byronic rather than Dantesque, and the opening four minutes or so are boringly conventional, in the style of Tchaikovsky's *Francesca*. But patience! there is better—much better—to come. The arioso section which follows, expressing regret for the irretrievable loss of God, is peculiarly lovely; and thenceforward the symphony never loses its grip on our attention. The performance, by the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Alfred Wallenstein (*B.AXTL1034), is finely studied and especially remarkable for the thrilling quality of the strings. Were it not for some congestion in heavily scored fortissimi, the disc would certainly have been a double-star. We in Britain have had to wait a long time for Alban Berg's Violin Concerto to be recorded. I am sure in my own mind that this is one of the supreme musical masterpieces of our day: the more I play it the more I find in it to admire and enjoy—the subtlety of the themes and of the harmony; the distinction of mind that allowed Berg to express his tragic sense of loss without brimming over into self-pity (a fault he did not always escape); the technical brilliance which enabled him to unite in one work the intimacy of chamber music with the scope of a symphony. Knowledge, affection and exquisite care for detail have obviously been expended on this performance, by André Gertler and the Philharmonia Orchestra under Paul Kletzki (*C.33C1030). Instrumental balance matters almost more than anything else in this fine-spun music: coagulation is fatal—and is here most skilfully avoided. Though it is very sensitively played, I could wish for a greater sense of strength in the solo: his colour is unfailingly right, but the drawing, so to speak, is a little feeble. Still, this is the best performance of the work I have yet heard. With the Piano Concerto of Arthur Bliss we move into quite another world—the realm of self-confident rhetoric and virtuosity. This may not be a great concerto (it is neither profound nor very original), but how inspiriting it is, and, in the slow movement, how imaginative! Performance and recording in the LP (Mewton-Wood / Winterthur SO / Goehr. *N.CLP1167) are very nearly two-star, but the woodwind is not incisive enough (especially in the Finale) and the tone of the piano is on the hard side. But this is a thrilling account of a defiantly romantic concerto, as well as being the best memorial, on a large scale, to a brilliantly gifted pianist whose appalling death was a serious loss to British music. Also highly recommended: Delius: *Appalachia* (RPO / Beecham. **C.33CX1112); Debussy: ***La Mer*, & Ravel: **Rapsodie espagnole* (Philharmonia Orch/ Karajan. C.33CX1099); Mozart: Serenade, B flat major, K 361 (Berlin Wind Ensemble. **T.LGM66006).

Chamber Music, etc. The Clarinet Quintets of Mozart and Brahms are now available in various issues, nearly all of which have merits so great that I find it impossible to come to a confident decision between them. It is probable that most amateurs of the Mozart will continue to be satisfied by the Decca version (*D.LXT2698), though the Finale seems to me impossibly slow. In the recent issue, by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet with Leopold Wlach (*N.WLP5112), the sole drawback, if it is one, lies in the very slow beat adopted for the Larghetto; but the tempo is wonderfully sustained, and the movement creates a beautiful impression of reflective peace. Wlach is a most poetic player, but in the Brahms Quintet his tone, and that of the strings, is so badly managed as to disqualify the disc. The long-awaited Brunswick issue (*B.AXTL1008) has great energy, and in the central section of the Adagio Reginald Kell's playing has a ferocity that may be thought proper to the passage and that Alfred Boskovsky, in the Decca recording (**D.LXT2858), deliberately eschews. But there is much in the Brunswick performance that I find crude and violent, and the recording has not the charm and mellowness of the Decca issue, which gives an altogether gentler account of this heavenly piece. Both views are possible (as Brahms himself would have been the first to allow), and readers are advised to sample both discs. Unless they are lovers of eccentricity, they need not pay attention to the various LP issues of Beethoven, Mozart and Boccherini string quartets by the Quartetto Italiano (Col). The playing of this ensemble has been greeted with rapture in some quarters, but to my mind it is horribly unclassical—arch and sentimental in Beethoven, in Mozart tentative, fussy and simpering.

When, many years ago, I criticised Wanda Landowska's harpsichord playing for its "pugnacious clatter," fingers were wagged at me. Subsequently I came to think that the waggers were right; but now a recording of twelve Scarlatti Sonatas by Fernando Valenti, to which I cannot resist giving two stars (**N.WLP5106), brings up again the whole question of style in this kind of music. It is patent that Valenti's technique is as clean as a whistle, that he has thought out every bar and every sequence down to the last semiquaver, and that his imagination is astonishing; but what would Scarlatti and his audiences have said to the warlike violence of his touch, to the orchestral effects of his registration, to the sheer volume of sound that he extracts from the instrument? I think they would have been shocked; but need we be? Listen to the rhythm and quality of the bass chords in L.500, to the slight but lovely rubato in the second section of L.415, to the crackling arpeggios and the runs, precisely tapered as a wasp-sting, in L.262. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas Scarlatti"? Never mind; this is a bonfire of a record, and I shall be much surprised if at least some of my readers are not thrilled by it.

Vocal. It is generally agreed that Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610 is among the major glories of music, but a battle has been joined on the issue of how to perform it, and the rival editors, (1) Hans Redlich, and (2) Leo Schrade, have been given fine opportunities to put their cases, the first by Vox (V.PL7902, 2 discs), the second by Oiseau-Lyre (O. *OL50021-2). Let me say at once that, although I yield to none in admiration for this magnificent and most varied work, I am not a scholar of the period, and so can give only a personal judgment on the relative success of the two editions. (1) omits two of the Psalms and orders the sections differently from (2). (1) elaborates the orchestration, adding florid viola da gamba parts in places where (2) has a plain continuo accompaniment. (1) is a typically German performance, in which the Psalms are taken quietly and seriously, whereas the tempi in (2) are

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Company Meeting

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

The annual general meeting of The National Bank of India, Ltd., will be held on April 6 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Mr. J. K. Michie:—

1953 was an uneasy year though with certain bright spots in our particular geographical field and we are able to show figures which, while reduced both in respect of balance-sheet totals and of profits, are nevertheless satisfactory.

Turning to the accounts, the total of the Consolidated Balance-sheet shows a reduction of £7,014,168 to £136,452,974. The figure relating to the National Bank of India, Ltd. alone has fallen by £7,318,127 occasioned entirely by a drop in total Deposits which was accompanied by a corresponding fall in outstanding Advances. After making full provision for taxation and other necessary reservations net profits are £376,266, a reduction of £5,178 as compared with 1952 results.

We decided to continue for 1953 our recent rate of dividend distribution of 16 per cent. However, on a pre-profits-tax basis this costs practically 20 per cent. While over the war years our shareholders suffered less than most in fluctuating dividends and consequently in temporarily reduced share values, we are, nevertheless, very conscious of their loyal acceptance of our dividend policy since then. At our last meeting I was asked when shareholders were to be given tangible benefit from the expansion of our business and our earnings since the present rate of dividend was established, and I assured the questioner that this part of the responsibilities of your Board had not been forgotten.

altogether livelier and the Psalms are sung with gaiety. There is much to be said for (1): the solo voices "float" beautifully, Friederike Sailer sings more securely than Elsie Morison, the disc surface is more silent than in (2), and in the famous *Sonata sopra Sancta Maria* the canto firmo is allotted to the choir and comes through clearly, whereas the admirable Margaret Ritchie is pitted alone against the heavy orchestral forces and finds herself sadly submerged. Nevertheless, all things considered, I believe that (2) wins easily. The Psalms omitted in (1) are exceptionally brilliant pieces; the ordering of the sections in (2) appears to me more apt (surely it is better to place the *Ave Maris Stella* between the Sonata and the Magnificat, for contrast's sake); the very important echo effects are more clearly managed in (2); the delivery of the London Singers, under the baton of Anthony Lewis, has more attack than the German choir; and the recording is consistently better in (2) than in (1).

I can imagine—have indeed heard—a performance of *Tristan* in which the orchestra stole the show from second-rate singers; but no such feat is conceivable in the case of *Lohengrin*. If you want to test the truth of this assertion, listen to the Nixa set (ULP9225, 5 discs) in which the orchestral playing, and especially the conducting, is more fervent than in either the HMV (ALP 1095-8) or the Decca (*LXT2861-4). Does this suffice to secure pleasure, on repetition, from a performance in which not one of the voices is more than barely adequate? I think not. It is true that Margarete Klose, the Ortrud in this set (and also in the HMV) is a fine artist; but her voice is long past its prime. If we turn now to the HMV version we are forced to a similar conclusion: Rudolf Schock and Maud Cunitz, the hero and heroine, let us down at all crucial points—and nothing that a careful recording balance and good acoustic can do will make up for the absence of finely sustained singing in the chief parts. This leaves the Decca set, to my mind, in possession of the field. It has its faults: since the recording was made during actual performances at Bayreuth, the voices are not quite as well recorded as those in the HMV version; there are sundry scene-shifters' bumps and audience's coughs (but do these matter?); a good deal of orchestral detail is lost; and Keilberth's tempi are on the slow side. But in at least three of the main parts, Wolfgang Windgassen, Eleanor Steber and Hermann Uhde produce a steady stream of fine tone (the Ortrud of Astrid Varnay is less authoritative than Klose's, but she manages the big outbursts with less strain); the choral singing is magnificent; the orchestra perfectly rehearsed and in the picture; and the tone of the recording is mostly very good indeed.

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's singing of the Countess's monologue at the end of Strauss's *Capriccio* is, I believe, the best thing she has yet done—thought out down to the last inflection, instinct with character and charm, intelligently varied and expressive in tone colour. Of its kind this scene is one of the most entrancingly beautiful that Strauss ever wrote. It is excellently recorded (**C.33CX1107). In the Four Last Songs (on the reverse) the singer yields in sheer beauty of tone—and in legato—to Lisa della Casa, whose version is available either coupled with duets from *Arabella* (**D.LXT2865) or (better still, since the duets are not very successful) all by themselves on MP (**D.LW5056).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson, which first appeared seven years ago, has now been republished (Faber, 25*s*.). Other new reprints include an omnibus volume of *The Short Novels of John Steinbeck* (Heinemann, 15*s*.) and a new and revised edition of James Stephens's *Collected Poems* (Macmillan, 15*s*.). *The Custom of the Country* has been added to the selected edition of the novels of Edith Wharton (John Lehmann, 12*s*. 6*d*.).

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,256

Set by Walter Allen

The usual prizes are offered for not more than sixteen lines either of lament or of consolation exchanged between Private Schine in barracks and his friend, Mr. Cohn, in Washington. Entries by March 30.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,253

Set by Hilbrain

The usual prizes are offered for a 12-line verse lament for the elms cut down in the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, in the style of either Dibdin's *Tom Bowling*, Herrick's *To Daffodils*, Cowper's *The Poplar Field*, or Hopkins's *Binsey Poplars*.

Report by Hilbrian

First, apologies for having inadvertently set a rigid 12-line length which of course did not fit in with the Herrick or Hopkins originals: latitude was allowed to those who kept under it.

Cowper, with the easiest form to follow, attracted most competitors, but in nearly all their entries you could see the trite reflection zooming relentlessly towards you from the last lines. I liked B. A. Bliss's twist to the well-worn theme, with his dig at Sir David Eccles:

As I sit on a trunk, I reflect that his speeches
Will not keep me alive till his oaks and his beeches
Arise in their place to give shade, for he can
Not extend the brief joys and existence of man—

and J. R. Till's subversive

My bosom is heavy, my face is as chalk
When I slide through the glades up and down the Broad Walk,
And I ask if earth's fleeting enjoyments were meant
To provide a few tags for a twelve-line lament.

Of the few who tried *Tom Bowling*, R. J. P. Hewison opened neatly:

Here, a stripp'd mast, lies rent asunder
What was a Broad Walk elm.
No lightning did it strike, nor thunder,
No tempest overwhelm.
One morn its leafy rig extending
To all the winds that blow,
The next it heel'd, a groan heart-rending,
And it had gone below.

Honourable mention to the above and to Roy du Cros, Jean Stubbs, D. L. L. Clarke. One and a half guineas each to Lakon and P. M., a guinea to Elaine Morgan for her fine piece of embattled provincialism, and to G. J. Blundell and William Evans.

COWPER

The elm trees are felled. Now no more by their shade
Go the guardsman, the child or the nursery-maid.
There are children indeed; kites, and boats on the pond;
There are guardsmen and girls with their glances so fond.

But some of the magic has vanished away
With Yesterday's shadows that sheltered Today.
The old trees are gone. What can stand in their stead?
When the new ones are grown, will the world not be dead?

The prospect enrages, if anything can;
The waste and the folly, the forethought of man!
Grow fast you young trees, ere the memory fades
Of the children, the guards and the nursery-maids.

LAKON

The elms are cut down; and fast fall the tears
Of many who knew them and loved them for years;
But mine must yet faster and bitterer flow,
Who lack even a mem'ry to soften the blow.

The nursemaids, the Pond, and the Peter that long
Floated loose in a park made of story and song,
Acquired for an instant a backdrop of green,
Which momently fled, never now to be seen.

Through my dreams it shall whisper, that spectral arcade,
And beneath it shall sport the ingenuous shade
Of Hilbrian, who called on the whole of the earth
To lament for the trees of the town of his birth.

ELAINE MORGAN

HERRICK

Fair elms, we may no longer view
Your tented leaf and bough,
Our shelter from the sun's annoy.
We go unshaded now.
Felled, felled
The trees we once beheld
With joy
The noble walk along.
Our tears uprise; then fall, as you,
To mourn th'untimely wrong.

G. J. BLUNDELL

HOPKINS

Swift gush of grief o'erwhelming
Me now and quite unelming
Days the whole heart remembers
Of March, the sonórous
Chirruping April's chorus
And bare-boughed harp-strung December's.
Here, each year, overhead
Out of our known earth
spoke the reassuring
The enduring
Comfortable words of re-birth—
Fled from us now. Fled oh fled!

P. M.

My lordly elms to the last one laid low;
Their noon-dark branches, cloud-clasping,
But a poor pile below
All, all hacked, rudely racked,
Dead faggots, fire-feeding fronds up-stacked.

O had we but pity
As we plan and, planning, wreak
Tender green, sweet swaying sward;
Now comers in vain may seek
Haven from hard, grubbing, heart-snubbing
Toil of the city
Beauty becoming so rare reward,
Rare rich reward.

WILLIAM EVANS

CHESS: Link With the Past

No. 233

It is just over two years since I wrote an article "4 score years and 7" to celebrate the birthday of Jacques Mieses; I hoped to write another piece about him next year when he would be 90; but alas, our old friend died a few days before his 89th birthday. Those who knew him—and there must be thousands of us in many lands—will never forget his gentle charm and his delightful sense of humour. His literary work, over a span of nearly seven decades, was more voluminous than anybody else's is ever likely to be, and much of it will live on. As a practising master (indeed, a grandmaster) he scored his greatest triumphs in 1907 when he won the Vienna tournament and shared 3rd and 4th at Ostend. Here, typical for the incisive style of that record-winner of brilliancy prizes, is a brevity he inflicted on Tchigorin at Ostend in 1906.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(8) P-Q3	P-Q3
(2) Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	(9) Q-R4	B x Kt
(3) B-B4	B-B4	(10) Q x B	Kt-R4?
(4) Q-Kt4 ? !	Q-B3?	(11) R-B1 !	Kt x B
(5) Kt-Q5 !	Q x P ch	(12) Q-Q7	P-KB3
(6) K-Q1	K-B1	(13) Kt x KBP!!	resigns
(7) Kt-R3	Q-Q5		

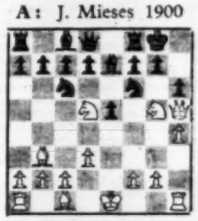
Thirty-three years later, at the age of 75, Mieses (Black) played this delightful little game in a London League match:

(1) P-QB4	P-K4	(4) B-Kt2	B-Kt5
(2) Kt-QB3	Kt-QB3	(5) P-K3	P-Q3
(3) P-KKt3	Kt-KB3	(6) KKt-K2	B-Kt5
(7) Q-Kt3	R-QKt1	(12) Q x R	Q-B6!
(8) Kt-Q5	B-QB4	(13) K-Q1	QxKt ch
(9) Kt x Kt?	Q x Kt ! !	(14) K-B2	QxQBP ch
(10) BxKt ch?	P x B	(15) K-Kt1	Q-Q6 mate
(11) Q x R ch	K-K2		

Here finally is a game remarkable for one of those positional P-sacrifices Mieses liked to indulge in. He won it at the age of 65, with Przepiorka as the victim.

(1) P-K4	P-QB3	(12) P-QR3	P-QB4
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(13) P-QB4	Q-B3
(3) Kt-QB3	P x P	(14) P-Q5!	P x P
(4) Kt x P	Kt-KB3	(15) P x P	Q x P
(5) B-Q3	Kt x Kt	(16) O-O	O-O-O
(6) B x Kt	B-B4	(17) B-B4!	Q-B3
(7) B x B	Q-R4 ch	(18) KR-Q1!	B-K2
(8) P-B3	Q x B	(19) Kt-B5	KR-K1
(9) Kt-K2	Kt-Q2	(20) R-Q6!	Q-B2
(10) Kt-Kt3	Q-QKt4	(21) KtxB ch	R x Kt
(11) Q-B2	P-K3	(22) R x Kt!	resigns.

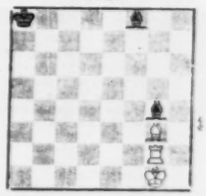
A: J. Mieses 1900



The 4-pointer for beginners is a position reached by the master in a simultaneous performance at Liverpool. His Q had just been attacked by the Kt. How did he cause Black's resignation by one subtle stroke. **B**—White to win—is an instructive end-game study; the more erudite competitors will consider it a bargain at 6 points when I add the useful hint that the main play leads to the "Saavedra," i.e., the most famous of all endgame studies. **C**—White to win—may well be worth its 7 points.

B: W. & M. Platov
1908

C: M. Havel
1926



Usual prizes. Entries by March 29.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 27

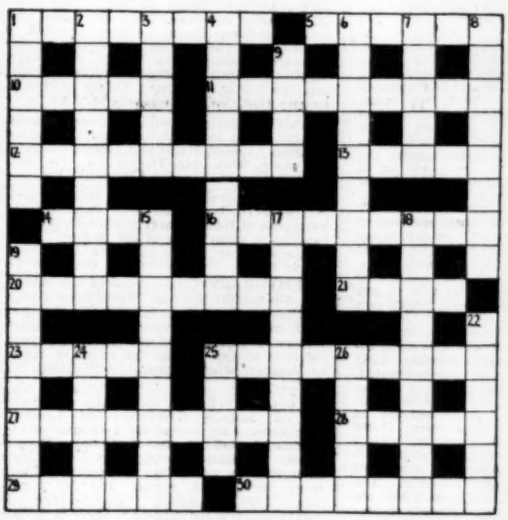
A: (1) . . . B-K6 ch. (2) B x B, Kt-B7. (3) B x Kt, Q-Q7 ch. (4) K-Kt1, Q-Q8 ch. (5) K-R2, Q x BP mate.
B: (1) P-QKt4, K-B5. (2) Q-B3 ch, etc.
C: (1) P-R7, B-Kt8. (2) P queens, Kt-Kt3 ch. (3) K-Kt4! Kt x Q. (4) P-B7, Kt-B2. (5) P queens, B-B4 ch. (6) K x P ! !

Well over a score of correct solutions, several competitors expressing their delight about **C**. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. Brynford-Jones, A. E. Harris, L. J. Jackson, B. Lodge, A. D. McLaren. *Non-Londoners' 19th move* Q-Kt2; *Londoners' 19th due by March* 24.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 92

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 92, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on March 30



ACROSS

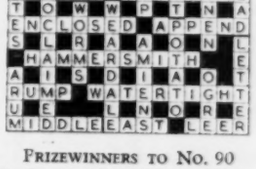
1. Meet one's end in an island condemned by Athens; this gives one airs (8).
5. Darkness before the car (6).
10. Checks put in again without a gallery (5).
11. Jolly place for a character in *Hard Times* (9).
12. Entertainments certain in their appeals (9).
13. This collection of aphorisms has a translator in America perhaps (5).
14. Roll produced by a roll (4).
16. The size made due alteration to what a unit of current illuminated (9).
20. Wholly absorbed has gone with dress in disarray (9).
21. Race which is not quite common (4).
23. Particles with the wrong word-order in the middle (5).
25. The sun retreats and bad weather follows; hence the lull in the fighting (9).
27. Where the punters' race starts? (9).
28. Colour change for her company (5).
29. Writing instrument which is half a pen (6).
30. "A —— swarry, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual trimmings" (8).

DOWN

1. The tragic woman gives me something to hang myself with (6).
2. Possibly I tire in protracted dawdling (9).
3. Records to talk about without us (7).
4. But Ash Wednesday is not one of them (5, 4).
6. Harmon's alias (9).
7. Encouragement, though it begins with expressions of disapproval (5).
8. Rescues what are dry in Eliot (8).
9. Songs of the hen at nesting time? (4).
15. What the bride needs is largely a philosopher (9).
17. This measures distance for a saint about to perform on me (9).
18. The universal vessel is held for Sanskrit writing (9).
19. At first rising more seedy in appearance, falls seriously ill again (8).
22. Put it in this plant for speed (6).
24. There is nothing to change the means of reproduction (5).
25. A short verse on a swanny river (4).
26. Inclination of a bishop's chaplain (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 90



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 90

G. Lewis (*Cape Town*), *E. P. Woodward* (*Hampstead*), *G. H. Clark* (*Sheffield* 8).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CONTENTS of March "Plebs": "Need We Clash with the Co-op.?" by J. L. Williams; "The Two Germanies," by J. F. Horrabin; "The Frustration of German Social Democracy," by Terence Prittie; "Pohtics v. Economics in the Colonies," by Florence Nichol; "European Unity—An American Plot?"—Point of View No. 1 by J. E. Mortimer, Point of View No. 2 by Adrian Palmer; and "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar. "Plebs" costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. p.a., from N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

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"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 8.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

GERMANY—the vexed question. All the facts about rearmament and defence by Quaestor in the March Labour Monthly. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents; or 9s. half-yearly from 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

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BERWICKSHIRE. Well-bl'. house overlkg. River Tweed; 5 bedrms., 3 recep., etc. Charming garden, dble. garage. Apply Coverdale, Yeavering House, Coldstream. Tel. 145.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—continued

SCOTLAND: Half acre grass and trees, huge sunny room suitable studio, living rm., bedrm., bathrm., kit'ette, excel. condition; was wing mansion-house. Edge small town: shooting, fishing; delightful countryside (Perthshire). First offer £900. Box 6243.

CAMPING hut, acre, Surrey Hills scenic belt. £250. Box 6433.

UPPER maisonette for sale, freehold, 134 Battersea Bridge Rd. 3 rooms, kitchen, bath.; £250 cash, balance of £2,250 by instalments over 10 years. Rates £31 10s p.a. Appelbe. CHA. 7000.

FLAT for sale freehold, gd. floor, 2 Chesterford Gdns., Redington Rd., Hampstead. 4 rooms (3 large), kit., bath. No garage. £900 cash plus mortgage £2,200. Appelbe, 7 New Square, W.C.2.

PREPARATORY School for Sale, London, N.12. Attractive detached building, standing in approx. 1 acre. Six classrooms and living accommodation of 7 rooms, kitchen and usual offices; 191 pupils (girls and boys, 4-12). £7,000 freehold, plus contents at valuation. Cookes & Burrell, opp. West Kensington Station, W.14. FUL. 0070/3101.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

GOLD Coast—Vacancy for Secretary to the Prime Minister. Applications are invited for an impending vacancy in the post of Secretary to the Prime Minister. The appointment will be on pensionable terms in the Gold Coast Local Service. Claims of officers already in the Gold Coast Service will be automatically considered and there is therefore no need for them to apply in answer to this advertisement. 2. Conditions of Service: The salary attaching to the post is £2,350 per annum consolidated. Terms and conditions of service generally are as described in Sessional Paper No. IV of 1951 as amended or varied by Sessional Paper No. 111 of 1952 and subsequent directives. 3. Duties: The duties of Secretary to the Prime Minister are to advise the Prime Minister on all questions of policy coming within the scope of his functions, as they may be defined; to assist in the formulation of policy in those matters; to ensure that effect is given to policy; and to keep the Prime Minister informed of the progress made in translating such decisions into action. He is particularly concerned with the coordination of Government Business for the Legislative Assembly; and he is at all times responsible for ensuring that adequate consultations have taken place between the Ministries. He will also be required, after the General Election to be held this year, to take over the duties of Secretary to the Cabinet. The Cabinet is concerned with the formulation and direction of Government policy in the Gold Coast. It is the duty of the Secretary to the Cabinet to ensure that Cabinet business is conducted according to established procedures, that the papers which the Cabinet is required to consider are in order, and that its decisions are carried out. 4. Qualifications: Candidates: (1) must have a good academic degree or a high standard of professional training; (2) should preferably have attained their 35th birthday, but not have passed their 45th birthday on April 17, 1954; (3) must have an extensive knowledge of the political, social and economic conditions of the Gold Coast and of other countries from which the Gold Coast might have lessons to learn; (4) must have an extensive knowledge of the procedure of a Secretariat, of the working of the Cabinet system, of the parliamentary system and of a Civil Service; (5) must have the ability to deal with administrative and financial problems of a complex nature, with a sure sense of the principles involved; and a high reputation for the exercise of discretion. 5. Methods of application: Candidates resident in the Gold Coast should obtain application forms from the Secretary, Public Service Commission, P.O. Box 1618, Accra; those resident in the United Kingdom from the Commissioner for the Gold Coast, Melbourne House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2. Applicants may forward copies of any testimonials, certificates, etc., which they wish to submit in support of their application; such copies will not be returned. Candidates may, however, be requested to produce at a later date the originals of such testimonials, certificates, etc. Original documents should not be sent unless requested. No responsibility is accepted for the custody of original documents unless a specific request has been made for their production. Applications from candidates who are under any form of bond to serve in any other capacity will not be considered. Any offer of appointment subsequently made to a candidate who has not disclosed that he is bonded to serve in another capacity will be regarded as void. Completed application forms should be returned to the office from which they were obtained not later than April 17, 1954.

RHODES Centenary Gallery, Southern Rhodesia. Appointment of Director. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Director of the Rhodes Centenary Gallery, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. This Gallery will be erected shortly and will be the National Art Gallery of Rhodesia. Inclusive salary £1,800 p.a. Further particulars from the Secretary, Rhodes Centenary Gallery, Box 140, Causeway, Southern Rhodesia. Applications by April 15.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Private Secretary to the Secretary of the Labour Party. Candidates must be competent shorthand-typists with a good knowledge of the Labour Movement. Membership of the Labour Party and an appropriate Trade Union is essential. Applications, in writing, giving details of age and experience, to Morgan Phillips, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

MENTAL Deficiency.—Applications invited from trained social workers for appointment as assistant local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in L.C.C. Public Health Department. Duties include visiting and reporting upon mental defectives living in their own homes. Social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work, and some experience of social work desirable. Salary £468-£625. Application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1), The County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by March 29. (232.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Mathematics (Pure Mathematics). The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A650-£A1,000 per annum, for a Senior Lecturer £A1,050-£A1,300 per annum, plus an allowance (£A252 males, £A191 females), with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is April 17, 1954.

UNIVERSITY of Oxford, The Queen's College. Research Fellowship. The Governing Body proposes, if a suitable candidate presents himself, to elect during the Long Vacation to a Junior Research Fellowship in one of the following subjects: Theology, Law, Classics, English. The fellowship is of the value of £450 per annum, and is pensionable under the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities. It will be tenable for three years and may (but only in exceptional circumstances) be renewed for a further period not exceeding three years. The fellow will be entitled to free rooms in college and to free dinner at the Common Table. He may, with the leave of the Governing Body, engage in teaching up to a maximum of six hours weekly. The successful candidate will enter upon his fellowship on October 1, but must by that date have passed with honours all the examinations required for a first degree at a University within the United Kingdom, and must not have entered upon the thirty-first term from his matriculation. Candidates should apply to the Provost, The Queen's College, not later than May 22, 1954. They should enclose a statement of their qualifications and of the nature of advanced study or research they propose to undertake. They should also give the names of not more than three persons prepared to act as referees.

B.B.C. requires temporary Holiday Relief Programme Assistant (male) for Norwegian Section from mid-May to end of September. Requirements include: thorough knowledge of Norwegian (as mother tongue) and of English; ability to read fluently at the microphone in Norwegian; to translate from English into Norwegian; to write original material; a general knowledge and interest in current affairs. Experience in radio or journalism would be an advantage, and candidates must be able to type. Salary £645 p.a. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "97 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

SOMERSET Education Committee. Applications are invited for post of Assistant Organiser (Woman) of Further Education. Salary Scale Soulbury Grade II, i.e., £750 × £20—£900 per annum. Candidates must possess good teaching experience in further education and recognised qualifications as a teacher of women's subjects. Further particulars and application form, which must be completed and returned not later than April 5, 1954, can be obtained from the undersigned by sending a stamped addressed envelope. Canvassing either directly or indirectly will disqualify. W. J. Deacon, Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Road, Taunton.

THE University of Sheffield. The University proposes to appoint a Teaching Caseworker to work in co-operation with the Council of Social Service in the supervision of students. The person appointed would carry a small case-load and be expected to contribute to the development of teaching method. Recognised University qualifications and experience of general casework are essential. Initial salary £600 to £650 according to experience, and F.S.S.U. provision. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (six copies) should be sent by April 3, 1954.

MIDDLESEX County Council. County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker (in sole charge) for both pre- and after-care in Community Care Service. Good office accommodation & clerical assistance available. M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. (University of London) or Cert. for P.S.W. of Universities of Manchester or Edinburgh essential. Scope & interest offered in new field of psychiatric social work. Salary £500 × £20—£640 p.a. if at least 2 yrs. exper. since qualification (deduct £15 p.a. if less than 2 yrs.), plus London Weighting accg. to age 21-25, £20 p.a. 26 or over, £30 p.a. Established. Subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Car allowance considered. Apply stating age, experience, qualifications, 2 referees, to County Medical Officer (S), 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St., S.W.1. by March 30 (quote N.168 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

NATIONAL Union of Students require resident Hostel Warden; suitable for married couple to take over duties of Warden and Deputy (no accommodation for children); individual applications for post Warden only also considered. Full particulars and application form from: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1954; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1954. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1954 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive salary (London): Experimental Officer £681—£838 (men); £586—£707 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £274—£607 (men); £274—£511 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men); £467 (women). Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/54

SHORT Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Applications will also be accepted from final year undergraduates, and these will be considered in anticipation of their degree results. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with qualifications in History or English with a sound Mathematics or Science background. After two years' service, officers will be eligible for selection for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £548 in third and fourth years, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over receive Marriage Allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated. Married Officers under the age of 25 receive Marriage Allowance of £146 per annum, but are not entitled to be accommodated in Official married quarters. An initial Outfit Allowance of £115 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £309, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full- or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, in the case of officers who enter from contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, be treated as contributory service, contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. Other officers may have their service in the Instructor Branch similarly treated if they so desire. 5. Fuller details and application forms may be obtained from Director (P), Naval Education Service, Admiralty, London, S.W.1. Completed application forms should be returned, if possible, before May 31, 1954.

MID-HERTS Group Hospital Management Committee Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End, St. Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the post of part-time Locum tenens Adult Psychotherapist (non-medical) to work at the above Clinic one day (two sessions) per week for approximately six months. The successful candidate will be required to undertake treatment of parents of children attending the Clinic. Applications, with copies of testimonials, to be forwarded to the Medical Director, as above.

QUALIFIED Master, single, not over 40, required for general subjects and young Junior Mistress for small group of 7-10 year-olds. Co-educational school in West Country. Box 6372.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £300 to £900 according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation under the F.S.S.U. or otherwise can be arranged. Ten copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including ten copies of two testimonials and/or the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than April 1, 1954. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

CHILDREN'S Service. L.C.C. invites applics. from married or single women for res. position of Warden at Cumberlow Lodge Remand Home, Chaltont Road, S.E.25, which accoms up to 20 senior girls. Other staff are Deputy Warden, teaching staff, senior supervisor and adequate supervisory, clerical, domestic and maintenance staff. Warden is responsible for supervision, welfare and training of the girls and for the gen. admin. of the home. She must have wide social expce., admin. capacity, and ability to solve problems arising with girls of unstable character or temperament. Training in mental health an advantage. Salary scale under review. Details and applic. form from Children's Officer, (CH/A2/213), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Working Boys' Hostel, Leicester. Applications are invited for the appointment of male Resident Supervisor at the Committee's Hostel catering for 24 working boys. It is desirable that applicants should have attended a Course in Child Care or have had previous experience in a similar hostel. A single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting room is available. The post is pensionable and subject to a satisfactory medical examination. Salary Scale: £385 to £445 per annum, less £100 per annum for board and lodging. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, and should be returned by April 2, 1954. —Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced men and women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5s. rising to £685. Duties include finding and inspecting foster homes and visiting children placed in them; assisting in finding work and lodgings for young persons in care; statutory after-care supervision. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap env.) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, S.E.1; returnable by April 10.

SENIOR Matrons and Assistant Matrons (res.) reqd. in delightful country homes for children. Sussex, Hants and Dorset. Protestant posts. Write Mr. Hartley (A), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

FAMILY Service Units req. resident caseworkers, both men & women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in many parts of the country. Residence with pay during initial training period. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

TEMPORARY Clerks required for approx. 4-6 months, for Vac. Work, Farm Camps & Foreign Students. Sal. £5-£5 10s. p.w. Pref. not over 30, used to office routine, figures, typing. Also one shorthand-typist, sal. acc. to exp. Write for forms of applic. to Vacation Work Organiser, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for a vacancy on the secretarial staff of the Psychology Department. Candidates, aged 25 to 35, graduate interested in psychology preferred. Minimum speeds 110 w.p.m. and 50 w.p.m. Salary £380 per annum. Good holidays and conditions, pension scheme. Apply in writing to the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham, Wilts. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Hostel for Women Students, Monks Park, Corsham. A Cook/Caterer is required from April 1, 1954. Initial salary £200 per annum with residence. Training and experience in large-scale cooking is essential. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Corsham Court, Wilts. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

EDITORIAL Secretary (junior), with good English, shorthand, and interested in public affairs. State age, previous experience and salary, to Editor, Town and Country Planning, 28 King Street, London, W.C.2.

RESPONSIBLE German shorthand-typist required after Easter by Engineering Company near Victoria Station. Convenient hours, no Saturdays. Box 6477.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists for occasional work on our Emergency Staff. £6 10s. 30-hour week. Introductions to permanent posts. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

ASSISTANT wanted to give help in classes of children aged 6-9 from 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. on 4 days weekly from April 27. King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR shorthand-typist for interesting work in newspaper office. Box 6550.

SECRETARY, English-German shorthand-typist required. Box 6581.

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square, reqs. young person with knowledge of typing as part-time Box Office assistant.

A PANEL of Temporary Shorthand and Copy Typists is being enrolled by St. Stephen's Secretariat for work during the Spring & Summer. Long/short periods as desired. All districts. 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, or 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

VEGETARIAN housekeeper required by professional woman, two children school age. North Wales coast. Refined, cheerful person. All duties. Box 6329.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG lady, pianoforte teacher, requiring change seeks work as accompanist to singer or instrumentalist. Also has secretarial qualifications. Box 6249.

YOUNG woman, 24, trained social worker, 2 years' experience as business leader of Modern Art Group, Rotterdam, seeks job arts / social work / interpreting / any other. Dutch birth, married Eng. Fluent French and German also. Box 6430.

BIOLOGY Graduate (f.) 23, wants job. London preferred. Box 6429.

YOUNG lady, Roumanian, Univ. ed., fluent English, French, German, Hebrew, typing, shs. intg. post, London/abroad. Box 6428.

B.A. (f., 49 yrs.) Engl. Hons., Latin Subsid., varied teaching exper., comparatively low on Burnham Scale; good teacher, disciplinarian, organiser, seeks post for Sept., non-resident or with flat. Box 6402.

FARM labourer (47), with shipped disc, desires office work in any capacity; Oxonian, versatile. Write Box 6425.

SECRETARY, 27, Eng./French Shthnd., exp. respons. work U.N./Educational field, London, Geneva, U.S.A., some Span./Ital., shs. intg. post London now. Box 6260.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WHERE TO STAY

ARE you tired and need a holiday? Have a few days' break from work now at "Old Plaw Hatch," Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Enjoy fresh air, good food and good company. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

N. CWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 272.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 5-7*gns.* St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house from March 30. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

PENDINE Sands, Homely, comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 5½*gns.*, Summer terms 6*gns.*, special terms family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire. No vacancies for July 24-September 4.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

MOXLEY Country Club, Holmbury-St.-Mary, Surrey (Abinger 2177). Easter Terms (4 days minimum) 35s. daily. Tennis ping-pong, television. Extensive grounds and woodland.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton, Harbourside, Torquay.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Quiet village near Broads, delightful beach. Good food (vegetarian optional). Open Easter. S.a.e. Woodbine Guest House, Tel. Hickling 236.

BOOK your Spring or Summer holiday now! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, amongst beautiful lake and mountain scenery, offers friendliness, comfort, first-class food. Anne Horner, Telephone 508.

HORSES to ride, boats to sail, and no time limits. 6*gns.* with full board. Steeple Bay Camp, Southminster 271.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5½*gns.* Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

WINTER terms still in "Best Climate" (town claim). Twin-bedded 5½/6½*gns.*; Annexe 4½*gns.*; Incl. "extras"; htd. bedroom. 2 Lounges. Meat/Vegetarian. Brochure free. 'Phone Hastings 4784. Kindly guests praise happy spirit at Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Nr. Orchestra.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. cons., large garden.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

BEAUTIFUL Cotswold Guest House. Own produce. April 1-May 31, 3-5*gns.* June 1 onwards 4-6*gns.* A few vacancies for Whitsun 15s. to 18s. daily. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Telephone Painswick 2312.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest Hse. overlkg. sea. H. & c. most bedrms. Excel. food, farm prod. Tel. 286.

PICTURESQUE Tudor Farmhouse, Dorset Village. Quiet, secluded, 2 mins. Salisbury-Weymouth bus. 2½ hrs. Waterloo to door. Comf. accom. Own produce. Personal serv. Cuisine of distinction. Parties & families welc. Manor Farmhouse, East Woodyates, Salisbury. A "chez Sebastien" Guest House.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Why not spend your holiday at this picturesque Cornish resort and stay at the Mounts Bay Hotel? Every comfort, h. & c. and spring interior mattresses all rooms. Open all the year. Write for brochure. Resident Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton—Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House. Food our speciality. Cent. htg. Rooms of character. Fr. 7*gns.* Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

BUCKS. "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 516.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, quiet, homely. Brochure.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

ENJOY Easter at White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

SNOWDONIA. Accommodation. Charming modernised cottage. Central. Hot baths. Morning tea. Early bookings advisable. Bed & breakfast 4*gns.* weekly. Extras as required. Packed lunch, tea, light supper. Stamp: Proprietress, "Noddfa," Beddgelert.

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays. 4 mins. sea & lawns. H. & c. Excellent food. Terms from 5*gns.* 18 Rutland Gardens. Tel. Hove 39389.

FARM Holidays. The 1954 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's Best Holiday Farms. Pages of pictures. 3s. 2*d.* post free. Farm Guide, 49 Broomlands St., Paisley.

RYE, The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

BRUSH up your French, German or Russian in guest-house in peaceful Irish village. Modern comforts. Pleasant, walled gardens. Continental cooking. Recommended by former guests. £4 10s. weekly. Box 5649.

WESTERN Brittany for Inexpensive Holidays. Finistère is the country of beaches of golden sands, protected by impressive rocks, of picturesque fishing ports and unspoiled villages, of exquisitely carved calvaries, of charming local customs and costumes. The water is warm, the countryside green and pleasant, the food excellent. The hotels quote prices below the national average and offer particularly advantageous terms before and after the peak period. Illustrated folder and list of hotels from the Comité Départemental du Tourisme du Finistère, Quimper, or the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful quiet situation above sandy beach. Mod. comfs., 1st-class cuisine, own cabin cruiser, Casino, dancing. Red. rates to end June. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. Park 6280.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6*d.*/15s. 6*d.* B. & B., wkly terms arrgd.

WATERLOO 30 mins., gents. only, bed-sit., bkfst. or full board. Fine country and river. Reas. terms. Gerrard 2981.

ACCOMM. available Hostel April 10-April 25. Pleasant surroundings. Easy access West End. Parties & Families. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8.

LONDON, W.2. Superior accom. at 28 Norfolk Square, well-furn. rooms, excellent cooking, constant h.w., homely attention. 5*gns.* inclusive. Tel. PAD. 2747.

NO Colour-bar at Youth House. Applications for residence invited from either sex (ages 18-30). Single divan rooms. Write Sec., 250 Camden Rd., London, N.W.1.

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GOLDERS Green. Newly furn. double bed-sit. room and kit.-dinette in contemporary vein. Graduate landlords. STA. 6291.

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FEMALE sociologist offers independent share Bayswater furn. flat. Own bed-sit., share kit.-bath. Tel. 'Frig £2 11s. p.w. Free April 4. Box 6350.

LARGE bed-sit. from end April 3-4 months, newly dec., overlkg. garden, share l. kit., frig., garden, shed for trunks. Quiet hse. betwn. Swiss Cott./Abbey Rd. 50s. inclg. light & baths. Box 6311 & MAI. 2508.

HIGHGATE Village Furn. attic with view. Vac. end March. 2½*gns.* Box 6479.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. Furn. div.-sit. rm., sink, gas, elec. lt. power, 37s. p.w. inc. elec. 22 Nassington Rd. HAM. 5237.

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N.W.2. Excel. newly furn. and decor. large gdn. flat. 4½*gns.* wk. Suit couple or friends; buses pass door. Box 6523.

LARGE sunny 1st-floor divan-room to let, priv. family 5 min. Finchley Rd. Stn. Also small room 30s. Both suitable musicians. Free use separate practising room. Box 6365.

TO let, v. small room, use kit./dg. room & bath. B. & B. 2*gns.*, full board 3*gns.* Suit friendly, unconventional pers. with prog. outlk. BAT. 6333 Fri. evg., Sat./Sun. a.m.

PLEASANT room, private flat, Kensington Gdns., £3 3s. inclg. breakfast, use bath, const. h.w., 'phone, htg. BAY. 7696.

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LARGE room, single divan, use kit/bath. Pref. person willing baby-sit., occ. Meals opt. amicable arrangement. PRI. 3919.

ONE-roomed flatlet (3rd floor), nr. Westbourne Grove. V. comf. furn. Own meters, sink Ascot, light cooking facs. Lady only. Non-smoker pref. £2 p.w. Box 6617.

HOLLAND Park, quiet Sq.; comf. Div. rm., grnd. flr., next bath & tel. Own gas meter. Bus./prof. woman only. Box 6442.

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YNG. professional lady offers bed-sit. rm. in mod. flat overlkg. garden. Share kit., bath. Suit prof. lady. £2 5s. WIL. 2073.

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FOR professional woman: Quiet divan-room in private flat Queens Gate, S.W.7. Usual facilities. 3½*gns.* Western 4449.

COMF. B/S. rm., priv. flat, 73s. 6*d.* inc. C.H.W., C.H. Use k. & b. E.I. Prof./bus. person only. Refs. BAY. 1533 aft. 6.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

ACCOM. with every convenience in Putney area—bed and breakfast, other meals and week-ends optional; for business gentleman. Please write Box 6551.

CHELSEA: lease 6-room flat, cheap rental. F. & F. at value £500. Box 6257.

TO Let. Furnished cottage, Lamorna, Cornwall. Water. Elsan. No bathroom. 4*gns.* May, 5*gns.* June-Sept., plus 10s. electricity. Not Aug. Oct.-April 3*gns.* Box 6437.

BLUE Anchor Bay, Somerset. Holiday flatlets. The perfect & most economical holiday; all flatlets overlkg. sea, good sands, safe bathing; every con., refrigeration. Write: Kathleen Hardwick or tel. Dunster 241.

ELEGANT furnished houseboat to let. Lovely mooring. S. Coast. Central shops. Water. Calor gas. Suit couple. 8*gns.* p.w. (August booked). Box 6248.

MIDDLETON-on-Sea. Furn. bungalow, 4 bedrms., basins. 1 min. sea. All cons. Sleep 8. June, Aug., Sept. SPE. 9501.

ALDEBURGH adj. beach. 2 modern 4-berth well-eqpd. caravans to let. Box 6259.

AUSTRALIAN couple, writers, careful tenants, excel. refs., seeks small furn. flat Central London, med. rent. 2-3 mths. April 1. Box 6399.

YOUNGISH couple, university lecturers, no children, badly need unfurnished flat at reasonable rent. Box 6431.

PUBLISHER'S Assistant, lady, shs. sml. unfurnished flat London. £130. Box 6461.

FURN. flat/sml. hse. reqd. London Apr. 1. S/C., 1/2 beds., recep. K. & B. C.H.W. Plate. Full description, terms. Box 6463.

AUSTRALIAN couple, graduates, urgently need 12 month let furn./unfurn. rooms, mod. rent. Willing pay reasonable price furniture/fittings; baby-sit., etc. Box 6471.

UNFURNISHED flat required, 2 rooms, kitchenette, bathroom. Box 6459.

YOUNG Austrian lady reqs. light, warm, dry, large single room, ckg. fac.; kind people. 2*gns.* max.; 5*d.* Tube Oxf. Cir. Own mattress, linen, oil stoves. Box 5918.

LADY, exp. children, seeks furnished bed-sit. room at reduced rent in return for baby-sitting. Central. Refs. Box 6518.

TWO young grads. (f.) urgently require s/c. furn. flat, Central/N.W.; max. rent £4. ARC. 5053.

ARMY Officer, wife and small boy urgently require furn. flat, 3-4 months. London area. BOW 3620.

FURNISHED cottage wanted to rent, any period, one lady. Box 101, Smith's, 889 Finchley Rd., N.W.11.

WIFE with child seeks furnished accom., 3 or more roomed flat or 2 rooms with facilities & possibility mutual baby-sitting; reasonable rent; London or Torquay districts preferred. Open to suggestions.—PRI. 9890.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt). London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

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SCHOOLS

ODAM Hill School, Romansleigh, South Molton, is opening a new department for boys and girls 13-17 years, who want to train for a career in farming. Basic education combined with tuition in practical and theoretical farming. No exam. reqd., but good character and average intelligence necessary.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 6 & 8.30. Sun., Mar. 21. Club. 7.45. "The Devil's Disciple."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Blood Wedding." Mems: 10s. yrly.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Timid People." Delightful new comedy of village life in China. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Adm. 2s 6d. to 5s. 6d. Membs. 2s. 6d. a year.

IRVING (Whi. 8657). 7.30 (Sun. 6.30). Ellen Pollock in Grand Guignol; 10.30 (Sn. 9.30), Intimate Revue. Membership 5s. yearly.

BIZET. "Pearl Fishers," intro. by Winton Dean. Illus. by mems. Sadler's Wells cast. Sun. March 28, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Partics.: Hon. Sec., WES. 7513.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Mar. 21: Clair Season: "La Beauté Du Diable" (A). From Mar. 22: "An Italian Straw Hat" (U).

MARBLE Arch Pav. "The Eva Braun & Hitler Story" (U) & "The Island Sinner" (X) 12.10, 2.45, 5.25, 8.5. Sn. 4.30, 7.5.

NAT. Film Theatre, S. Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Mar. 20, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night" (A). Dir. Frank Capra. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3520. Sun., Mar. 21, 7.30, "Don Camillo." French. (U).

ASIAN Film Society presents "Shama," an Indian Social Film depicting Muslim Social Life (synopsis in English) and "World Without End,' produced for UNESCO, directed by Basil Wright in Thailand and Paul Rotha in Mexico, Sun., Mar. 28, 6 p.m., at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance only. Adm. 3s. & 5s. Mem. subs. half-yearly 5s. App. A.F.S., 33 Dennison Hse., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

FILM Show. W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment. Sunday, March 21, 8 p.m. "One Great Vision" and "Daybreak in Udi."

I.C.A., 17 Dover St. W.1. GRO. 6186. Sat., March 20. Dancing from 8 p.m. to Derek Coleman-Dave De Vere Jazz Group. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Membership invited.

INTERNATIONAL Dance, Fri., March 26, 8 p.m. Band. Adm. 3s. Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1.

LA Cage! Licensed Club, Cellar Bar open daily from 3 p.m. Dancing to Sacha Barnell. Sats. & Suns. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Mem. invited.

WEDNESDAY, March 24, 7.15-11.15 p.m. Continental Dance to Isy Geiger's Vienna Ballroom Band at Cavendish Ballrooms, 38 High Road, Willesden, N.W.10. Students 3s. Guests 5s.

GALA Evening at the I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., March 27. Cabaret, Uriel Porter, coloured Blues Singer, Dancing to the Coleman-De Vere Jazz Group, 8-12. Members 5s., non-members 7s 6d.

LONDON Jewish Society, Sat., March 20. Purim Dance. Harry Kahn's Orchestra. 8-11 p.m. Vienna Cafe, Berkeley Court, Baker St., W.1. Members 5s. Visitors 7s. 6d. inc. refreshments.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. St. Patrick's Dance, Sat., March 20, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. 4s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Friday, March 26 at 8. Hampstead Choral Society. Bach: Mass in B Minor. Eileen Poulter, Nancy Evans, Eric Greene, Trevor Anthony, Boris Ord, Ralph Downes, Boys of Hampstead Parish Church Choir. Boyd Neel Orchestra, cond. Martindale Sidwell. Tkts.: 5s.-15s. fr. Hall or The Coffee Cup, 74 High St., N.W.3.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Mar 28, at 3. Barylli Quartet Quartets by Mozart (Hunt), Schubert (Rosamunde) and Beethoven (E minor, Op 59 No. 2). WATerloo 3191.

MORLEY College Concerts Society presents Harry Danks (viola and viola d'amore), James Lockhart (organ) and Morley College Choir (cond. P. R. Fricker) in music by Palestrina, des Prés, di Lasso, Weelkes, Tomkins, Bach, Brahms, Alain and Pepping. First English perf. of Frank Martin's Sonata da Chiesa for viola d'amore and organ. All Souls', Langham Place, Tues., March 30, 8 p.m. Adm. by programme 2s. 6d. from Sec., M.C. Concerts Society, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1, or at Church door night of concert.

STRAVINSKY: Cantata, & works by Vivaldi, Bach & Verdi. Joyce Barker, Edite Tranteur, George Israel, the Wednesday Singers, cond. Philip Levi, Jan Sedivka Chamber Ensemble. Church of St. Thomas, Regent St. Sat., Mar. 20. 8 p.m. Adm. free.

KINGSTON: Ewan McColl Sings. At Coronation Hall, Monday, March 22, at 8 p.m. Grand Concert, also includes Fitzroy Coleman, W. M. A Choir Festival Dancers, London Pipers. Recorded Message from Paul Robeson. & Thameside Unity Th. in scene from Shaw's "The Apple Cart." Adm. 2s.

A RECITAL by Cicely Dewar (violin) and Alicia Chislett (pianoforte) will be presented for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Rudolf Steiner Hall, 33 Park Road, N.W.1, on Monday, Mar 22 at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

DOLUKHANOVA Song Recital. Also Raizen and other Soviet singers. Tape recordings. Intro. D. T. Richnell. Sun., March 21, 7 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. (S.C.R. and students 6d.)

CONCERTS—continued

SUNDAY, March 21, Royal Festival Hall at 7.30. Overture Street Corner, Rawsthorne; A Shropshire Lad, Butterworth; Piano Concerto, Fricker (1st perf.); Symphony No. 4, Vaughan Williams. Harriet Cohen, Sir Adrian Boult, London Symphony Orchestra. 3s. 6d. to 15s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

80TH Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Friday, April 9, at 7.30. Piano Music by Olivier Messiaen played by Yvonne Loriod and the composer. Tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Paintings of the XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. The John Nash and Claude Venard Exhibitions. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paul Signac (1863-1935): First Exhibition in London. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until April 15.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Italian Influence on French, Flemish and Dutch Painting from 1550-1650.

THE Matthiesen Gallery: Paintings and drawings by Jankel Adler; daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 15. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by William Nicholson and Desmond, Lord Harmsworth.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Edward Middleditch: Paintings, Drawings. Peter Kaiser & Franck Vavruska: Paintings.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Peter Lanyon (Awarded Critics' Prize 1954).

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Recent British Drawings. Daily 10.30-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d. Closing March 27.

WHISTLER. An exhibition of Etchings, Dry-Points & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 27. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Pierre Dumont (1884-1936) "Maitre de Rouen." Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 10.

W. G. GILLIES & John Maxwell and Steinlen. Two Arts Council Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till April 10. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. (to both exhibitions).

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, London, W.1. Paintings by Stefan Knapp. Until April 9.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ISRAEL in the Middle East. Lecture by Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, O.B.E., M.P. Chairman: Sir Robert Boothby, K.B.E., M.P. At Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam St., Adelphi, W.C.2. Mar. 22 at 6 p.m. Mems. free: others 1s. 6d. Tkts. from Anglo-Israel Assoc., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

SCHOPENHAUER Society. Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thursday, Mar. 25. "Weakness of Materialism." Admission free.

VICKY on his Visit to Israel and other Experiences. Younger People's Section, Technion Society of Great Britain (in support of the Israel Institute of Technology) invite you to meet the famous cartoonist at Arts Theatre Club, Tu., March 23, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. non-mems. Apps. membership to 13 Mansfield St. W.1. 10s. 6d. p.a.

PAINFUL Experiments on Animals. Home Office figures show that, since records were kept, over 28 million experiments, including over 2 million in 1952, have been performed on living animals in this country. Animal lovers are cordially invited to attend A Protest Meeting against the demands for stray dogs and cats for vivisection, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton St., Westminster, S.W.1, on Wednesday, March 24, at 7 p.m. Speakers: Mr. Peter Freeman, M.P., Dr. James Burnet, M.A., LL.B. (Lond.), M.D., F.R.C.P.E., Dr. M. Beddow Bayly, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Dr. Douglas Latto, M.B., Ch.B., M.R.C.O.G. Chairman: Dr. B. P. Allinson, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. All are welcome. Admission free. Underground Station: St. James's Park. Buses: Any passing through Victoria St.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "Technical Achievement and Religious Development." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., March 21, 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ABBE Pierre speaks at "One World—or None" Great Public Meeting in Central Hall, Westminster, on Tuesday, March 30, at 7 p.m. (Doors open 6.30 p.m.) Speakers include: Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, M.P., Henry Usborne, M.P., Signora Chiesa Tibaldi (Italy), I. J. Pitman, M.P., A. A. Vondeling, M.P. (Holland), Prof. Hugo Osvald (Sweden). Chairman: Gilbert McAllister. Admission free. Reserved seats 5s. & 2s. 6d. from Parliamentary Association for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6, or Federal Union and Crusade for World Government, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2 (TRA. 2275).

ROAD Safety and the Law. Conference, Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1, Saturday, March 27, 10.30 to 3.30. Chairman: Dr. A. L. Goodhart, K.B.E., Q.C. Speakers: Sir Carleton Allen, Q.C.; Mr. J. P. Eddy, Q.C.; Mr. Walter Raeburn, Q.C.; Chief Constable of Oxfordshire and a Clerk to a Magistrates' Court. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Pedestrians' Assocn. for Road Safety, 44/45 Fleet St., E.C.4, or pay at door. CITy 5116.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., March 24, 7.30 p.m. Ronald Williams, M.P., "Kenya", St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

A TRIBUTE to Julian Tuwim—Poetry reading and song recital in honour of the famous Polish poet who died last year. Introduced by Jack Lindsay; chair: Montague Slater. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. 8 p.m., to-night, Friday, March 19.

INDIAN Institute of Culture London Branch. Public Lecture Fridays 8-15. March 26: K. C. Boswell, O.B.E., "Comparison of American and British Constitutions." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. March 23, 8.15, Series on "Psychology and Art": Personality Factors and the Power to Create, by Gordon Rattray Taylor. Chairman: Eric Newton. March 26, 8.15, "Contemporary Staging & Settings of Opera," by Dennis Arundel. Chairman: John Moody. Members 2s., guests 3s.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., March 25, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by M. Carlo Bronne, Member Académie Royale Langue et Littérature francaises: "Léopold I et Victoria." Adm. free.

"SOCIAL Medicine in China"—Lecture by Dr. H Joules, M.D., F.R.C.P. March 24, 1954, at 7.30 p.m. 45 Russell Square, W.C.1. Admission 1s. Chairman: Dr. S. Leff, M.D., D.Ph. Britain-China Friendship Association. Cultural & Scientific Committee.

"IN Defence of British Honduras" on Friday, March 19, 7 p.m., Seymour Hall (off Edgware Rd.). Speakers: Monica Felton, V. Mulumba, Rolly Simms. Organisers: Caribbean Labour Congress, London Branch.

"THE Grammar School Teacher's Salary." Public protest meeting, Friday, March 26, 7 p.m., Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road. Speakers: A. W. S. Hutchings, M.A., Sec. J.A.A.M.; A. R. Woolley, M.A., Sec., Oxford University Appointments Board.

"THE Rents Bill—for Tenants or Landlords?" Hear the answer from Jack Gaster. Hampstead Town Hall, Monday, March 22, 8 p.m. Organised by Adelaide, Belsize Branch Communist Party.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 27th at 6 p.m. Miss M. Coate: "My Impressions of Indo-China."

"JEWISH Contribution to Art," Symposium with Charles S. Spencer and Archibald Ziegler. North-Western Reform Synagogue, Alyth Gardens, N.W.11. Sunday, March 21, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

PLANNING Centre Meeting. Address by Desmond Heap, LL.M., L.M.P.T.I., on new Town and Country Planning Bill, March 29, 6 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Secretary, T.C.P.A., 28 King St., London, W.C.2.

NEW Soviet Decisions on Agriculture & Consumer Goods. Andrew Rothstein (author "Man & Plan in Soviet Economy"). Fri., March 26, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.)

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Mr. Frank Jackson on "The Playwright Today." Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2. Monday, March 22, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

SHAW Soc. "Scraps & Shavings," Mar. 26, 7 p.m. 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. ("Shavian" and memb. details: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18. Speaker on Shaw, etc., also available.)

YOGA. Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Next Tuesday, March 23, Lecture on "The Lamp in the Theatre." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

HECTOR Hawton: "Humanism and the Irrational," Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., March 21 at 7.15.

ELKAN Benno. The sculptor will lecture on his monumental work "The Great Menorah." Mon., March 22, 8 p.m., A.I. Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., Piccadilly, W.1.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., March 24, 6.30 p.m. "A Mahajana Journey." Mr. J. Averill. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SCOTLAND. A People's History. A Symposium presented by the Scottish Committee Communist Party. Saturday, Sunday, April 10/11. Lecturers: R. L. Meek, Wm. Gallacher, Wm. Lauchlan. Apply for brochure to C.P., 57 Miller St., Glasgow, C.1.

CONWAY Memorial Lecture, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.30 p.m. Tuesday, March 23. Dr. J. Bronowski, M.A., Ph.D., "The Fulfilment of Man." Chairman: Dr. C. D. Darlington, F.R.S. Admission free.

THE Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lucan (Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Commonwealth Relations in the Labour Government) will address a meeting at Friends' House, Euston Rd., Mon., March 29, 8 p.m.: "Schools and Race Relations." Friends of Racial Unity cordially invited to attend.

M. SADOVEANU, Great Rumanian Writer. Talk by Jack Greene. Sunday, March 21, 7.30. 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2 (Notting Hill Gate). Adm. free. Refreshments avail. British Rumanian Friendship Association, 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, 7.15 p.m. to-night, Friday, Mar. 19, R. S. W. Pollard, "The Art of Conferring." Friday, Mar. 26, J. H. Lloyd, "Social Humanism."

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m. Sunday, March 21. Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11. (Nr. Holland Pk. Stn.) Discourse: Rev. W. J. Piggott, "Some Experiments for World Peace."

ARCHITECT in Russia. Mr. Colin Penn, A.R.I.B.A. Finsbury Town Hall, Wed., Mar. 24, 7.45. Adm. 6d. Finsbury B.S.F.S.

"SPINOZA."—Lecture by Prof. Israel Levine, M.A., D.Litt. (Prof. of Philosophy, University College, Exeter). Sun., March 21 at 3.30 p.m., at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Grnd.). All welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Mar. 21. Archibald Robertson M.A., "Some Verdicts of History." Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

BEATRICE Pollard: "Solving Marriage Problems," New Generation Group, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd. (nr. Hampstead Tube), Mon., March 22, at 8.

LONDON Jewish Soc. Wed., March 24. Talk by Mrs. Barnett Janner, J.P., on "The Juvenile Courts at Work." Arts Theatre, Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. 8 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Anti-Vice Drive: a threat to freedom. Progressive League London public weekend conference, this weekend at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (2 mins. Victoria). Programme: Sat. 4 p.m., Prostitution (C. H. Rolph); 7.30 p.m., Homosexuality (Miss Jean Graham Hall, barrister-at-law), Sun., 2.30 p.m. "Obscene" Publications (Alec Craig), 6 p.m., Summing up by the Chairman (Robert S. W. Pollard, J.P.). Admission 2s. each lecture at the door. Comprehensive ticket with reserved seat 10s. from Secretary, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

"ART and History of the Film." British Film Institute non-residential five-day course in Central London, April 26-30. Lecturers include Paul Dehn, A. T. L. Watkins (British Board of Film Censors), Denis Forman (B.F.I.), Ernest Lindgren (B.F.I.). Inclusive fee £2 2s. (teachers and other educational staff 30s.). Particulars from British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 0581.

NATIONAL Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. "The Adventure of Youth Work." Eighth Annual Spring School to be held at City of Coventry Training College from Monday, April 26-Monday, May 3, 1954, under the direction of Dr. J. Macalister Brew. Lecturers will include: Christopher Mayhew, M.P., Peter Slade and Geoffrey Trease. In addition, each member of the Course will undertake at least 18 hours' practical work in one of the following subjects: Painting, Drama, International Affairs and Religious Education in the Club setting. Special sessions on the organisation of Youth Service in Great Britain and the techniques of informal education are arranged within the framework of the courses for educationists or social welfare workers from overseas. Inclusive cost £6 10s. Bursaries available. Full particulars from: N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30 Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

POTTERY Course Aug. 2-13, beginners welcome. Non-resident £12 12s. Full details from John Shelly, Bath Pottery, Gay Street, Bath.

A BIRD Watching Course, April 26-29, 1954, will be held at the Somerset Education Committee's adult college, Dillington House. The tutor will be Mr. J. F. Burton, Assistant Secretary of the British Trust for Ornithology, and the inclusive residential fee is £3 3s. Write Secretary, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset

EXTERNAL students: "Pre-exam Morale" at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Apr. 23-25.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 387

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 383, 384, 385

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 386

THE Buildings of Buckinghamshire: Week-end Course March 26-28, Missenden Abbey Adult Education College, Great Missenden, Bucks. Lectures on country houses, churches, visits to places of interest. For details apply, The Warden.

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care. University Courses in Child Care. Courses of training lasting twelve months for work in boarding-out, adoption, and the supervision of children in the care of local authorities and voluntary organisations, are held annually at Birmingham and Liverpool Universities and the London School of Economics, leading to the award of the Council's Certificate in Child Care. Applications for courses starting up October, 1954, are invited from men and women aged 21 to 45, and should reach the Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office (190), Horseferry House, Thorney Street, S.W.1 by March 31, 1954. Applicants should be graduates with suitable experience, or have a social science, teaching, or health visiting qualification. Grants are available where need is shown. Details will be sent on request to the Secretary.

THE Probation Services. Professional training for students who intend to enter this work is available through the Home Office. Minimum age 21. Particulars from the Secretary to Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

CHILD Psychotherapy. The three-year Training Course in methods devised by Dr. Margaret Lowenfeld has been re-established. Students receive direct experience of a wide range of children and instruction by qualified lecturers in other schools of thought. Holders of the I.C.P. Diploma are employed by Public Authorities here and abroad. Prospectus from Secy., Institute of Child Psychology Ltd., 6 Pembridge Villas, W.11.

LONDON University and other exams.; University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance, Degrees (B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., etc., open without residence), and Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.) London, Oxford, Cambridge, and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc., Moderate fees; instalments. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Selection Board Examination for admission September, 1954, will be held on May 3. Last date for applic., April 1. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: Apr. 9-11, "Opinion & Market Research" and "The Poetry of Romantic Love" (This week: Guitar, Theatre, etc.; next: Writing).

ERIC de Peyer teaches the Alexander Method at 7 Wellington Square, S.W.3. (SLO. 3141). Specially valuable for overtension, nervivess, faulty breathing including asthma, and lack of physical and mental poise.

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SWEDEN. Summer Course and Study Tour "Modern Sweden" to be held at Jakobsberg People's College, near Stockholm, Aug. 9-25, 1954. Full prospectus available on request to The Swedish Institute, 49 Egerton Crescent, London, S.W.3.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies and W.E.A.—East Midland District. Residential Summer School, Buxton. July 31 to August 14, 1954. (Two separate weeks.) Economics, Politics, International Affairs, Psychology, Philosophy, Music, Study of the Peak District, Modern Art, English Radicalism, Broadcasting, Contemporary Literature, Architecture. Cost £5 5s. per week. Prospectus from: J. T. Rhodes, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE English School of Languages, La Tour de Peilz, Switzerland. One Scholarship to the value of 1,000 Swiss francs and two exhibitions of 500 francs are offered for the school year 1954-55, for competition on May 5. They are intended to help students who would not otherwise be able to afford the fees. The scholarship will be awarded to the candidate obtaining the best results in French and either German, Italian or Spanish. The exhibitions are offered to boys who reach a good standard in French and who also play a musical instrument. The school is an international residential centre for students of both sexes, of Sixth Form standard and upwards. Prospectus and entrance form can be obtained by application to the school secretary.

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PERSONAL

TWO West German students, aged 17, wish to spend 3 weeks in this country between August 1-September 3. Require full board with family against similar facilities given at Gummersbach, Western Germany. Please 'phone Sloane 6877.

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COUPLE desire share car & expenses to Spain. April 5-10. Box 6452.

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FAMILY (children 3½ & 8) camping August 1-14, beautiful Kent, would share site with similar. Box 6340.

IDEAS for adventuresome expedition desired by useless member of society, male (35). Box 6312.

CÔTE d'Azur: furnished room to let Artist's house Antibes. 2 divans, kitchenette. April, May, June. Box 6219.

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PERSONAL—continued

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UNITY of the Arts: Easter Holiday Course at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

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EASTER in Italy visiting Florence—Pisa—Siena—Rome, departing April 10 (also Aug. 1 & 29). 15 days 34*gns*. A tour in Upper Italy, incl. Venice Aug. 15. 39*gns*. Details: E.T. Association, c/o World Univ. Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

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